THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

Folk & Art SONGS

BOOK II

ARMITAGE

Boston
C. C. Birchard & Co.

Form EP7—7-30—100M.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

TRENTON, N. J.

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THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

Folk Songs & Art Songs

FOR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

M. TERESA ARMITAGE

BOOK II.

C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY
BOSTON

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INTRODUCTION

THE making of a song book for children is no longer a question of the mere assembling of songs that *can* be sung by children. Modern thought leads the educator into avenues of approach to the child's consciousness that were unsuspected a few years ago; hence, the makers of song books must assume a definite responsibility that runs in parallel lines to the path of the educators in other branches. The psychology of the child becomes an imposing factor and must be reckoned with.

For that reason (besides the important and more familiar considerations of merit in music and text, suitability and elements of popularity), great care and thought must be given to the purpose of reaching the child's sub-conscious being by simple formulae that can be embodied in attractively presented songs — songs that do not so much *teach* as *suggest*. Teaching, as an Art, has lately taken on a new aspect. Educators are learning from the children themselves how to teach children. After an incredibly long period of didacticism, we are beginning dimly to recognize the power of suggestion and the sterility of didactics.

So the maker of school song books must not lag in the progress toward fruitful school work. And it becomes peculiarly important in a book like this, devoted not to *Method* but to *Expression*, that no page shall contain waste material.

We must not be understood as in any sense minimizing the importance of music as it stands in the curriculum — an Art *per se* to be fostered and developed as a source of culture, refinement and happiness; but we emphasize the value of song as an educational force in a broader sense than hitherto has been taken into account; and the conviction that great good lies in the application of that principle has led us to make these books and dedicate them to the hidden potentialities of the youthful mind, so long misunderstood and underrated.

It is admitted by all that song is a powerful factor in establishing contentment and good-fellowship in every community. Our foreign-born citizens and their children, in their aspiration to become Americans, are undoubtedly influenced greatly by good-will mutually felt among themselves and in association with neighbors of another race, and there is no greater and more spontaneous expression of companionship and good-will than is to be found in song. *In these books much space is given to Folk Song; and no less than fifty racial groups are represented by good and characteristic examples.* It would be a shortsighted and wholly un-American policy to try to force our songs on the foreign-born to the exclusion of all other songs. In the first place, the effort would fail; their old songs would still be sung, and, moreover, would be sung in their original form and significance. But if the child of a naturalized foreigner is encouraged to sing the songs of his race *in the language of his adopted country*, it seems obvious that a definite step has been taken toward Americanization. Furthermore he will cheerfully learn and sing our songs when he finds he is not required to forego the familiar melodies of his race.

The texts associated with the folk songs in these books are largely from translations or adaptations of the original; and where that has not been advisable the words will be found to be related to the spirit of the music.

A feature which we believe will be of advantage from a practical as well as an

artistic standpoint, is the arrangement of numerous folk songs in canon form, or with counter-melodies. This cannot fail to arouse and sustain the interest of children, as novelty invariably does, and the presentation of a familiar tune with interesting variations or adornments immediately invests it with an entirely new significance. This treatment has been freely used throughout the books and is not confined to folk music, as will be seen from the many canons, rounds, and examples of counterpoint, composed especially for this purpose. But it is by no means necessary that these songs should be sung in parts. Practically every tune in the book is suitable for unison singing.

Our aim is to present music of positive merit from whatever source, always taking into consideration every factor that bears on the special purpose of the individual song. It clearly would be poor judgment to link a humorous text to serious music and equally unwise to offer an immortal melody with trivial words. We have drawn freely upon classic sources, but have not overlooked the melodious operas and songs that have achieved lasting popularity through an inherent vitality not always easy to explain, but which unquestionably exists. The body of original compositions by American composers is substantial, and contains much distinctive material.

Analysis of the contents will show that practically all the problems developed in the study of music in the Fifth and Sixth grades, such as time, rhythm, mode, the function of accidentals, etc., are exemplified without unnecessary difficulties. Many of the songs can profitably be used for rote singing, but ample material will be found for sight-reading practice.

Extraordinary care has been used in the selection and editing of the text matter in these books. The subjects range from mythology through history, fable, romance, nature, hygiene, physical and moral courage, good-fellowship and brotherly love, wholesome humor, with the cardinal graces of Faith, Hope and Charity. The classics — famous songs, operas, operettas and oratorios — are represented by many examples never before used in school music, and the body of original composition will be found worthy of study and performance.

It will be observed that the mechanical adjustment of tune to text or *vice versa*, to which much attention has been given in these songs, must be of great assistance in dealing with rhythmic problems; the natural time values of mere spoken declamation will give the rhythm of the music.

Favorable vowel sounds for notes in the higher register, a marked feature of these books, will make good tone-quality easier of achievement. Also that rare thing even in classic songs, syllable and word emphasis in coincidence with musical accent, will contribute greatly to intelligibility and fluency.

The books appear in the Students' Edition (vocal parts only), and the Teachers' Edition (voice and piano). The accompaniments, except where otherwise indicated, are by Harvey Worthington Loomis.

We feel confident that the material in these books rightly used will mark an important step forward in the Education of the Child through Music.

Editor and Publishers.

FOLK SONGS & ART SONGS

BOOK II

Morning

FREDERIC A. WINTHROP

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

mp Allegretto ♩= 60 *cresc.* *poco rall.*

1. When the first flush of the east glows With a mag-ic the sky a-dorn-ing,
2. By the farm-house in the low-land, Mer-ry Chant-i-cleer calls his warn-ing:

mp *cresc.* *poco rall.*

Ped. ✱

a tempo *cresc.* *rall.*

There's a gay song of the wood-birds, They are wish-ing a world Good Morn-ing!
"Lest the day prove but a dream, sirs, Take ad-van-tage of this good morn-ing!"

mp a tempo *cresc.* *rall.*

The Mountain Shepherd

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — PERCY LEE ATHERTON

Allegretto ♩ = 104

1. O'er the top of the moun-tain, High up in the sky, The
2. Far be-low in the val-ley, A speck mid the trees, I

white clouds are drift-ing, I . watch them sail by. I . .
see the fair maid-en I . want most to please. When

lie on the hill-side on the green fra-grant grass, And I
sum-mer is . . o-ver and the lambs are well-grown, I shall

count the young lamb-kins that frisk as . . they pass.
ask her to take them and me for . her own.

In Winter

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH — CLARENCE BUTLER

Moderato ♩ = 100

1. The sky is gray, as gray as . gray may
2. The stream a-lone is mak-ing . mu-sic

be; There is no bird up-on the bough; There is no
now, But in his song there seems to be The scent of

1 — 2

leaf on vine or tree.
(*Omit* . . . . . .) blos-soms on the bough. (H.W.L.)

Camping

J. Lilian Vandevere

Arthur Edward Johnstone

Slowly ♩= 112

Lively ♩= 168

1. Come ye who be - long to the great out - doors; Who can make a tent like "home, sweet home" Tho' it's six by nine or small - er. Sing
2. The call of the wild you can plain - ly hear, Where the bee's re- marks are sting - ing ones, And you catch the point di - rect - ly. The
3. Good - bye to the lake and the shad - y grove Where the flap - jack blos-somed ev - 'ry morn, And the poi - son i - vy flour-ished. Good-

slowly

ho! for the woods and the dis - tant shores; Where a swarm of mos - qui - toes greets you, And short - ly, or soon - er, eats you. The place for sup-plies is small in size, ev - en milk must be con - densed. But then it's
bat flut-ters by on a mad ca - reer, And you hark to the sil - v'ry cor - net That's played by an an - gry hor - net; At night you a - wake to chase a snake who has just dropped in to call. It's part of
bye to the trail and the sand - y cove. At the end of a gay va - ca - tion, You find to your con - ster - na - tion, The suit that you wore a month be - fore sim - ply bursts at ev - 'ry seam. The fault of

ritard

REFRAIN ♩= 138

Camp - ing, sum - mer camp - ing, But the things that fret You soon for - get;
Some en-chant-ment makes the spot grow dear, And you go back ev - 'ry year. year.

1 rit. *2*

Our Flag

VICTOR N. PIERPONT — JAMES F. CALDWELL

Con spirito ♩= 84

1. There's a glo - rious ban - ner ev - er wav - ing, The
2. 'Tis a glow - ing sym - bol of pro - tec - tion, The

flag that's yours and mine; All the winds of heav - en ev - er
flag that made us free; Held by throngs in rev - er - ent af -

brav - ing O'er the realm of palm and pine. 'Tis a
fec - tion In the lands a - cross the sea. 'Tis a

flame of i - ri - des - cent col - or, This flag that's mine and
flow'r whose beau - ty is e - ter - nal, This flag that brought us

yours; Time or change can nev - er make it dul - ler While the
peace; 'Tis a song of maj - es - ty su - per - nal, And its

rall. *REFRAIN* *a tempo*

truth of heav'n en - dures. Hold the flag be - fore your eyes! Let it
mes - sage ne'er shall cease.

shed its glo - ry o'er you; You will win the hon - or of the

rall. *a tempo*

land you prize If you hold the flag be - fore you.

The Pilgrim Fathers

(To accompany the representation in tableau of George H. Boughton's painting "Puritans on Their Way to Church.")

From the poem by
FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

FRANCIS HOPKINSON* 1707–1791
(adapted)

Allegro moderato ♩= 138

1. The break-ing waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the
2. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine? The

woods, a - gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch-es tossed; And the
wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine! Aye,—

heav - y night hung dark The hills and wa - ters o'er, When a
call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod! They have

band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild.. New Eng-land shore.
left un-stained what there they found — Free-dom to wor-ship God!

* *The first American composer of whom there is any record.*

The Lord is My Shepherd

FROM Psalm xxiii

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Lento ♩= 66

The Lord is my shep-herd; I shall not want. He mak- eth me to lie

down in green pas - tures: He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.

rit. *a tempo*

Sure - ly good - ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my life;

accel. e cresc. *f* *rit.* *a tempo*

. . And I will dwell in the house of the Lord . . for ev - - er. . .

The Joy Bells

STUART PAUL — Serbian Folk Tune

Allegro ♩= 108

1. Hear the mer - ry May- bells ring : Ding ! ding ! dong ! Hap - py is the
2. Hear the jol - ly min -strels play, Zim ! zim ! zam ! They can drive dull

hour they bring, Ding ! ding ! dong ! Mu- sic sounds sweetly, The mo-ments go
care a - way, Zim ! zim ! zam ! Let us hear sing- ing, A mer - ry laugh

fleet - ly, So dance your dance light - ly And sing your song bright -ly !
ring - ing, For just to be jol - ly Can nev - er be fol - ly !

Making History

CANON BROOKINGFORD — Old Tune (adapted)

Moderato ♩= 72

1. The men who made our his - to - ry, Their prow- ess is no mys - te - ry,
2. By split-ting rails one youth be -gan; His mot - to was, "I will, and can!"

For they who made our his - to - ry Be - gan it . in . their boy - hood;
And he be- came our no - blest man, The great, im - mor - tal Lin - coln!

rall.

They start- ed out to make their mark, By ris - ing ear - ly, like the lark,
Thus, if like him, for right we stand, And keep our pur - pose pure and grand,

a tempo

And "mak-ing good" from dawn to dark Be - gin - ning in . their boy- hood.
We too may no - bly serve our land, The land that gave us Lin - coln.

The Sailing Men

DAVID STEVENS — TERENCE DARRELL

Con spirito ♩=84

mf

1. Oh, sing a song of sail - ing men, And make it loud and strong, The
2. Oh, sing a song of gal - lant Jones, And lift it to the sky, Who
3. Oh, sing a song of Law-rence bold, And sing it with a will; In
4. Oh, sing a song of Far - ra - gut, And sing it loud and clear, Who

fear - less men who rode the sea To keep our Na - tion's ban - ner free. Oh,
fought the foe - man blade to blade And met dis - as - ter un - dis-mayed; Oh,
dy - ing words the cap - tain brave A mot - to to the Na - vy gave. Oh,
braved the mines of Mo - bile Bay And by his dar - ing won the day. Oh,

sing of ships and hearts of oak, Of all the daunt - less throng Who
sing of him whose sto - ried words Our an - nals glo - ri - fy; "I'll
sing of him whose cour - age high Sets all our hearts a - thrill; Tho'
sing of him whose stead - y eye Could mark the course to steer, And

sailed and fought their wood - en craft, The men and cap - tains, fore and aft, Oh,
nev - er yield or take to flight, I've on - ly just be - gun to fight!" Oh,
seized in death's re - lent - less grip, He ut - tered: "Don't give up the ship!" Oh,
thro' a rain of steel and lead, He gave the word: "Full speed a - head!" Oh,

D.C.

sing a song of sail - ing men, And make it loud and strong!
sing a song of gal - lant Jones, And lift it to the sky!
sing a song of Law - rence bold, And sing it with a will!
sing a song of Far - ra - gut, And sing it loud and clear!

Scherzo

ROBERT SCHUMANN
in *Papillons*

Allegro vivace ♩=144

The Mississippi

EMILY LOWELL — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

5 *Moderato* ♩. = 66

1. From the far - a - way land of the north, . From the
   Melt - ing gla - ciers that gleam in the sun, . . Brooks and
2. On the tide of that riv - er so vast, . . Night and
   And the spir - it that dwells in that stream . Cours - ing

east, . . from the west, . Are as - sem - bled a my - riad of
lakes, . . large or small, . Yield their store to that riv - er so
day, . . year by year, . Might - y fleets of A - mer - i - ca's
on . . toward the sea, . Sings a song of be - nef - i - cent

1

riv - u - lets . In the stream that we all love the best. .
(*Omit* . . . . . .)
in - dus - try . Bear her har - vests from far and from near. .
(*Omit* . . . . . .)

2

mar - vel - lous, . Mis - sis - sip - pi, Queen of all! Ah!
char - i - ty, . . Giv - ing ev - er, Yield - ing free! Ah!

REFRAIN Allegro ♩ = 88

Soft flows . the Mis- sis - sip - pi, The child of mountains grand; Soft flows

. . the smil - ing Mis- sis - sip - pi, The pride of our dear land. Ah! land.

Hymn

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
in the *Septet*

Moderato ♩ = 100

1 2

In April

GEO. W. PENNINGTON — ASA T. HUNT

Moderato ♩ = 92

1. In A - pril, green A - pril, Al - tho' 'tis sure - ly flow - er - time, 'Tis
2. O A - pril, soft A - pril, Spring-beau - ties all be - long to you, The

just as sure - ly show - er - time; A - pril de - lights to give us
for - est sings a song to you; A - pril, you weep and then you

rain. But tho' her skies are frown - ing, And gar - dens al - most
smile. But tho' you like to fool us, We're glad to have you

drown - ing, Miss A - pril, coy A - pril Goes laugh-ing down the lane.
rule us, And A - pril, dear A - pril, We love you all the while!

The Quail*

HENDRYK SCHUYLER — Russian Folk Tune

Allegro ♪ = 138

1. "More wet! More wet!" That means ev - 'ry lit - tle
2. Bob White, Bob white, You know all a - bout the

flow - er In the bow - er Needs a show - er! Till
weath - er, Fluf - fy feath - er: Tell us wheth - er To -

soon ev - 'ry bud un - clos - es Hap - py ros - es, Mi - gnon - ette.
mor - row will be a storm day Or a warm day, Clear and bright.

* *Sing the second stanza in A major, signature of three sharps.*

Victors and Vanquished

MARIAN GREY — Turkish Tune

Marziale ♩ = 76

f

1. Steeds are dash - ing, Swords are flash - ing, Trum - pets bray,
2. Crowds are pour - ing, Dust is soar - ing Thro' the air

All is gay; Troops ad - van - cing, Eyes not glan - cing
Ev - 'ry - where; Mile on mile, A wea - ry while, We

Toward the left or right, O! Flow'rs be - deck the vic - tor's way,
cheer the men of might, O! Save a song for those who failed,

Snarl - ing tunes of war they play, Drum, drum, Drum-ming as they come.
Strove and lost, but nev - er quailed! Woe, woe, That is what they know.

(*rit. last stanza*)

The Inca *

ROSAMOND BROOKS — Folk Tune of the Peruvian Sierras

Allegro moderato ♪ = 138

1. A - loft on the moun - tain, High 'mid the ea - gles, There stood the
2. He looks to the east - ward, Hills turn to val - leys, O - ver whose
3. A - loft on the moun - tain Still dwells the ea - gle, Still in the

In - ca, Proud and un - yield-ing. Lord of the for - est, Lord of all he
grass - es Lla - mas are feed-ing; Count-less the stream-lets, Sparkling in the
val - leys Lla - mas are feed-ing; Count-less the stream-lets Rush-ing to the

saw there, North-ward and south-ward, Mon-arch of the An - des.
sun - light, Gleam - ing like sil - ver, Rush-ing to the riv - er.
riv - er, Where is the In - ca, Mon-arch of the An - des?

* *The name of the dominant tribe of Peruvian Indians previous to the Spanish conquest.*

Joan of Arc

(To accompany the representation in tableau of the painting of Jeanne d'Arc by Bastien-Lepage.)

WILTON PERKINS

MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI

In the Symphonic Poem *Jeanne d'Arc*

mf Maestoso ♩ = 63

1. Hail Joan of Arc! Hail Joan of Arc! Maid of Lorraine whose sto-ry
2. Hail Joan of Arc! Hail Joan of Arc! Home, friends and hopes re-sign-ing,

cresc.

Lives on the page of glo-ry; Fair Joan of Arc! Brave Joan of Arc!
Clad all in ar-mor shin-ing, Fair Joan of Arc! Brave Joan of Arc!

allargando *ff*

Maid whose ex-alt-ed name the ag-es re-vere.
Forth rode with daunt-less faith for God and for France.

Good-Night Song

Anon.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE

Moderato ♩ = 88

In *Maritana*

1. { Lo, the sun in glo-ry set-ting Bathes the ham-let
   { See: the corn-fields gold-en gleam-ing, (*Omit* . . . . . .
2. { Now the chil-dren all are qui-et, Fold-ing hands in
   { Ves-per bells are soft-ly ring-ing, (*Omit* . . . . . .
3. { Far a-bove us stars are peep-ing, Friend-ly signs of
   { Say-ing "All are in God's keep-ing, (*Omit* . . . . . .

all in red;
Omit . . . . . .) See: the herds go home to bed.
eve-ning pray'r;
Omit . . . . . .) On the breez-es ev-'ry-where.
love and light;
Omit . . . . . .) Lit-tle ones of earth, good-night."

The Snow Blanket

Florence C. Fox

W. Otto Miessner

Moderato ♩= 76

Old Moth - er Goose on a win - ter night, Shook up her bed of down, When out flew the feath - ers a - down the air, And cov-ered up our lit - tle town. They made a blan - ket of snow - y white, So long and wide and deep, That on - ly the church - stee - ple point - ing high, Marked the town where we lay a - sleep, That on - ly the church-stee - ple point - ing high, Marked the town where we lay a - sleep.

rit.

Revery

Franz Schubert
(*Piano Sonata Op. 120*)

Moderato ♩= 84

America for Me

HENRY VAN DYKE — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Con spirito ♩ = 88

1. 'Tis fine to see the Old World, and trav - el up and down A -
2. Oh, Lon - don is a man's town, there's pow - er in the air; And

mong the fa - mous pal - a - ces and ci - ties of re - nown; To ad -
Par - is is a wo - man's town, with flow - ers in her hair; And it's

mire the crumb-ly cas - tles and the sta - tues of the kings; But
sweet to dream in Ven - ice and it's great to stu - dy Rome; But

now I think I've had e - nough of an - ti - qua - ted things.
when it comes to liv - ing, there is no . . place like home.

So, it's home a - gain and home a - gain, A - mer - i - ca for me! My
Oh, it's home a - gain and home a - gain, A - mer - i - ca for me! I

heart is turn - ing home a - gain and there I long to be, In the
want a ship that's homeward bound to plough the roll - ing sea, In the

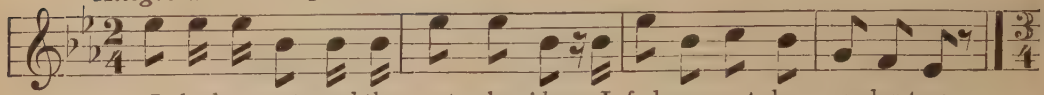
land of youth and free - dom, be - yond the o - cean bars, Where the
bless - ed land of Room E-nough, be - yond the o - cean bars, Where the

air is full of sun - light and the Flag is full of stars!
air is full of sun - light and the Flag is full of stars!

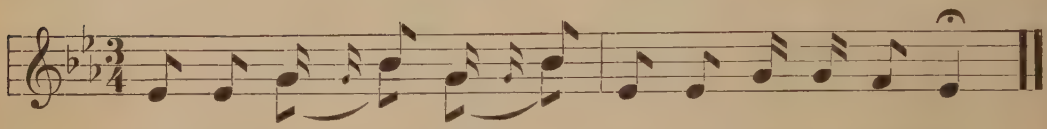
The Barnyard Song

Kentucky Mountains Folk Song

Allegro moderato ♩= 84



1. I had a cat and the cat pleas'd me, I fed my cat by yon-der tree;
2. I had a hen and the hen pleas'd me, I fed my hen by yon-der tree;
3. I had a duck and the duck pleas'd me, I fed my duck by yon-der tree;
4. I had a goose and the goose pleas'd me, I fed my goose by yon-der tree;
5. I had a sheep and the sheep pleas'd me, I fed my sheep by yon-der tree;
6. I had a pig and the pig pleas'd me, I fed my pig by yon-der tree;
7. I had a cow and the cow pleas'd me, I fed my cow by yon-der tree;
8. I had a horse and the horse pleas'd me, I fed my horse by yon-der tree;
9. I had a dog and the dog pleas'd me, I fed my dog by yon-der tree;



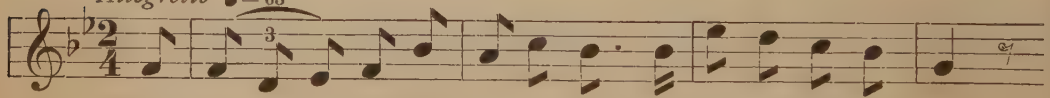
(*Omit this measure in the first stanza* . . Cat goes fid - dle - i - fee.
Hen goes chim-my chuck, chim-my-chuck, Cat goes fid - dle - i - fee.
Duck goes quack,— quack,*—
Goose goes swish - y, swash - y,
Sheep goes baa,— baa,—
Pig goes griff - y, gruff - y,
Cow goes moo,— moo,—
Horse goes neigh,— neigh,—
Dog goes bow, wow, bow, wow,

* *With each stanza repeat the enumerations of the preceding stanzas, always ending with "Cat goes fid-dle-i-fee."*

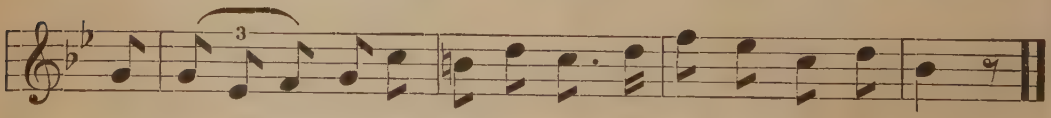
Forest Fires

Victor N. Pierpont — Geo. W. Pennington

Allegretto ♩= 63



1. "There nev - er is smoke with- out a fire," We've of - ten heard it said,
2. I sing of the love - ly wood-land flames That kin - dle thro' the fall
3. They flash in the breeze like liv - ing coals, Yet send no sparks a - bove,
4. And when, as the sun has gone to rest And for - est col - ors die,



But think of the fires that yield no smoke And leave no em - bers dead!
On fo - li - age gold and green and red, With-out a smok - y pall!
And long as they burn they light our hearts With wondrous na - ture - love.
A glow, as of all the world a - fire, Il-lumes the eve - ning sky.

Witches' Night

(Hallowe'en Song)

CHARLES HARVEY — AMBROISE THOMAS

Moderato e misterioso ♩= 120 — In *Raymond*

1. Out where the au-tumn night winds blow, Hark! there's a foot-fall, stealth - y, slow!
2. Down by the pond I hear a groan, Weird as a kel - pie's mid-night moan;

Hush! do you hear that soft tip - tap? Oh, such a ghost - ly rap!
Now there's an ee - rie, wail - ing howl, Sounds like a spec - tral owl!

See! there's a blue flame 'neath the trees Fanned by the sigh - ing breeze,
Ah! Jack-o'- Lan - tern, just you wait, Now I re - call the date!

What do you think prowls round a - bout? Sprites are a-broad, no doubt!
This is Oc - to - ber Thir - ty - First, Spooks, you may do your worst!

The Fairy Circle

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — JULES MASSENET

Moderato e leggiero ♩= 120

1. On the grass the fair - ies in the moon - light
   Hare - bells chime their mel - o - dy en - tranc - ing,
2. If at dawn we wan - der in the din - gle,
   Then al - tho' the fair - ies are a - sleep - ing,

Make a mag - ic cir - cle for their feet, Light - ed by the glim-mer of the fire - fly, They dance to fair - y mu - sic sweet.
Nim - ble sprites and el - fin crea-tures play; Comes the sun so ear - ly in the morning, And quick - ly drives them all a - way.
While the dew still glis - tens on the flow'r, We per - chance, may find the mag - ic cir - cle, Be - neath a green and shad - y bow'r.
We shall hear their mu - sic with de - light, Ti - ny tunes of lit - tle el - fin pip - ers Re - hears-ing for the dance to - night.

The Trumpet Call

PAUL HASTINGS

JOACHIM RAFF
in *The Lenore Symphony*

Marziale ♩= 66

1. When the notes of the trum - pet sound,(Tan - ta - ra,) Tan - ta - ra -
2. When the notes of the trum - pet sing, (Tan - ta - ra,) Tan - ta - ra -

ta! There's a mag - ic that will stir the hearts of all; With the
ta! What a joy to hear the gold - en mu - sic play; When it

ech - o our pul - ses bound, (Tan ta - ra,) Tan - ta - ra -
sounds with a mar - tial ring, (Tan - ta - ra,) Tan - ta - ra -

ta! When we hear the sil - ver ca - dence of the call.
ta! Let the call be one to du - ty ev - 'ry day.

The Pearl

FREDERICK A. WINTHROP

Spanish-American Folk Tune

Moderato ♩= 69

1. 'Neath the deep blue wa - ters of the o - cean Lay a
2. As a strain of mu - sic's haunt - ing meas - ure Is e -

pearl with - in a cav-ern's night, Un - til a div - er brav'd the sea's com-
voked from shad -ow-realms un-seen, From out the dark - ness came the glow - ing

mo - tion, And found a gem re - flect - ing heav - en's light.
treas - ure, At last to grace the brow of Beau - ty's queen.

May

FREDERIC MANLEY — VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Allegretto con gioia ♩= 58

1. Vi - o - lets and col - um - bine, dai - sies on the way,
2. Her - mits in the twi - light pine, veer - ies in the dawn,

Blue - birds call - ing, sun - light fall - ing warm - er ev - 'ry
Rob - ins flut - ing mel - low tunes and danc - ing on the

day; . Or-chards white with blos-soms, and the clo - ver full of bees,
lawn; Ros - es in the cheeks of hap - py chil - dren at their play,

poco rall.

Swal-lows just ar - riv - ing from their jour - ney o - ver seas.
Oh, the joy of liv - ing in the pleas - ant month of May!

The Mountaineer

STUART PAUL — Bohemian Folk Tune

Moderato ♩= 108

1. Let me live a life a - mong the moun - tains, Whose
2. I would lie, when day is swift de - clin - ing, A -
3. I would wake, while yet the vale is sleep - ing, Ere

state - ly heads are crowned with snow, . . By the side of
loft, where ea - gles take their flight, . . Near the stars in
day its won - der has be - gun, . . And up - on the

swift - ly gush-ing foun - tains That feed the riv - ers far be - low. . .
gold - en splen-dor shin - ing, And read the mys-ter - y of night. .
ut - most sum- mit leap - ing, Be first to greet the morning sun! . .

Marching Song

DAIVD HARVEY

CARL ENGEL

Marziale ♩= 120

mf

1. With a song swing a - long, In a meas - ure firm and strong,
3. With a "left!" and a "left!" And a - gain an - oth - er "left!"
5. Mile on mile, mile on mile, 'Neath the morn -ing's cheer - y smile,

Head e - rect, eyes in front, square shoul - ders; . Keep in tune, keep the
Keep in touch with your neigh- bor's el - bow; . With a "hep!" and a
We ad - vance to the live - ly ca - dence; . Life is joy, life is

time Of the mu sic's rhyth - mic rhyme, Keep a - mov - ing a -
"hep!" Ev - 'ry march - er keep in step To the mu - sic that
joy To each ea - ger girl and boy, As they're march-ing while

FINE f *mf*

long our way. . . 2. Hear the bu - gle sound -ing "Halt!" Sweet the mel - low
sounds so gay. . . 4. Once a -gain, com-mand -ing "Halt!" Bu - gles sound the
bu - gles play. . .

f *D.C. al Fine*

strain; Comes the sig - nal: "For - ward, march!" Now we're off a - gain!
strain; Then we hear the "For - ward, march!" Now we're off a - gain!

Canzonet

EMILY LOWELL

OTTO NICOLAI
In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*

Andantino ♩= 76

1 2

The gar -den's bright and gay For June is here to - day;
So sing a can - zo - net Of rose and mi - gno - (*Omit*) nette.

The Year of Jubilo

DAVID STEVENS — HENRY C. WORK

Allegro giocoso ♩ = 88

1. Comrades, have you seen the banners That are float-ing in the air? And
   Young and old, they join the cho-rus Of the best old song we know, A
2. Chil-dren, there's a right good fel-low, And he lives next door to you, 'Twill
   Life, we know, is well worth liv-ing, And be sure you make it so, For

have you heard the sound of sing-ing in the na - tion ev - 'ry-where?
song that's called "A good time coming in the year of Ju - bi - lo!"
do you good to - mor - row morning if you give him "How - d' - do."
that's what makes the good time coming in the year of Ju - bi - lo!

REFRAIN

Don't you look be - hind, Look straight a - head, ho, ho! For it
must be now there's a good time coming In the year of Ju - bi - lo!

Farming

Traditional (adapted) — TERENCE DARRELL

Allegro giocoso ♩. = 84

1. The King he left me an a - cre of land, Sing
2. I ploughed it well with a * crum - mie cow's horn, Sing
3. Come time for har - vest, I gath - ered it up, Sing

i - vy, sing i - vy! I found the most of it
i - vy, sing i - vy! And sowed it o - ver with
i - vy, sing i - vy! And all it yield - ed would

bri - er and sand, Sing hol - ly, go whis - tle and i - vy!
bar - ley and corn, Sing hol - ly, go whis - tle and i - vy!
go in a cup, Sing hol - ly, go whis - tle and i - vy!

* *Crummie-cow: A cow with a crumpled horn.*

Note: the tune ends in F minor.

Ring the Bells

(New Year Song)

DAVID STEVENS — Old Carol

Allegretto ♩. = 76

1. Oh, ring the bells in the bel - fry high, . . And
2. For - get the quar - rels of yes - ter - year, . . For -
3. The bells are mak - ing a joy - ous sound . . In

send a mes - sage a - cross the sky. The old year's dy - ing, and
get the sigh and for - get the tear; Re - mem - ber naught but the
all the na - tions the world a - round: May love and plen - ty and

let it die, . Nor breathe a word . of sor - row.
word of cheer That drove a - way . your sor - row. Ring, ring, . ye
peace a - bound And heal . the heart . of sor - row.

sil - ver chimes! Ring in a year . of hap - py times; Sing, sing . your

mer - ry rhymes, There's a new . year com - ing to - mor - row!

Ring Out, Wild Bells

ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON — (Four-part Round) — GEORGE Y. HUME

I *Tempo giusto* ♩ = 108 II

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The fly - ing cloud, the frost - y light;
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring hap - py bells, a - cross the snow;

III IV

The year is . dy - ing in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
The year is . dy - ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in . the true.

The True Sportsman

OLIVER ORDEN — VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Vivace (2 beats in a measure) ♩. = 100

A fish - er went out to fish for fish, And this is the thought he thought: It is bet - ter to bait the bass that bite, Than bite the bass that's bought. Then ho for sport, For life is short, And man - y's the sort I've caught; It is bet-ter to bait the bass that bite, Than bite the bass that's bought.

The Begging Dance *

English by FRANCES DENSMORE — Chippewa Indian Song

Slowly ♩ = 84

1. We come to you, Come with the Beg - ging Dance. We come to you, See the stick be - fore your door; 'Twas plant - ed there by our lead - er, Do not fail to give us all we want.
2. Oh, bring to us, Bring out all your gifts of food; Oh, give to us, Give us rice and pem - mi - can. We'll sing in praise of your good-ness, Do not fail to give us all we want.

♩ = 72

* *From Indian Action Songs by Frances Densmore, C. C. Birchard and Co.*

A Roundelay

MOZART

Moderato e grazioso ♩ = 132

The pupils may compete in writing words for this tune.

O'er the Hills Away

PAUL HASTINGS — Dr. ARNE

f *ff* *Con spirito* ♩ = 100

1. Come out, come out and breathe the air, And live the glo - rious day! . The
2. Come out, come out and greet the flow'rs, The bloom is on . the may; . The
3. Come out, come out the road . is free, For who shall say . us nay? . The

wind is sweet, the skies . are fair, The wind is sweet, the skies . are fair, Come
blos-soms of the field . are ours, The blos-soms of the field . are ours, Come
world was made for you . and me, The world was made for you . and me, Come

ff *Fine*

out and o'er . the hills . a - way, We'll o'er . the hills a way! .
out and o'er . the hills . a - way, We'll o'er . the hills a way! .
out and o'er . the hills . a - way, We'll o'er . the hills a way! .

D.S. al fine

We'll o'er the hills a - way, . We'll o'er the hills a - way; . Come

The Gentian

FOSTER B. MERRIAM — Ukrainian Folk Tune

Moderato ed espressivo ♩ = 80

1. Frost is gleam-ing on . the . gen - tian, Sil - ver
2. Bright as heav'ns blue eye . the . gen - tian, Fringed the

decks the sap-phire gen - tian. Sum - mer flow'rs may toss their
eye-lids of the gen - tian. Sweet as mu - sic in the

heads with queenly pride, None out-vies No - vem-ber's gen - tian.
lone-ly au-tumn fields. God has set the love-ly . gen - tian.

Bonnie Doon

STUART PAUL

JAMES MILLER, 1788

Allegretto ♩. = 54

1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, Whose charms the po - et
2. And oft I'd rove by bon - nie Doon, To see . the rose and

count - ed vain, Thy beau - ty fair I'd call to mind With
wood - bine twine; And when I heard the sky - lark's song, No

ten - der joy in - stead of pain. Thy flow - 'ry mead, thy
joy would great - er be than mine. With light - some heart I'd

shad - ow'd bank, And all the grace of love - ly spring, I'd
take the rose, Still fresh with dew - y pearls of morn, I'd

make a scene of hap - py hours That swift - ly flew on joy-ous wing.
ne'er for - got its blos-som rare, And ne'er re - call the po - et's thorn.

Old Songs

KATHARINE WHITMORE

RUSSELL M. DODGE

Moderato ♩ = 88

1. Hark thro' the vil - lage street, Wakes now a mu - sic sweet!
2. Tunes born when art was young, Soft airs by min-strel sung;

Folk - lore of van-ished times, . Home-songs of old,
Sad notes that dim the eye, . Old dreams re - new;

Quaint tunes with sim - ple rhymes, Loved more than gold.
Folk - songs can nev - er die . . While hearts beat true.

The Half-Moon*

M. Louise Baum

Fr. Jakma
Dutch Popular Tune

Allegro ♩. = 69

1. With clat - ter and chat - ter the peo - ple ran out, All dressed in their bright-est and best, . For won - der-ful news had been fly - ing a - bout: The Half-Moon was back from the west! . They had seen her go sail - ing a - way to ex - plore A - mer - i - ca, might - y of girth, . To dis - cov - er a pas - sage ne'er fol - lowed be - fore, To the op - po - site side of the earth. .

2. They'd found a great riv - er and tho't it a strait, But soon it had turned to a brook; They'd brought a few In - dians, the sto - ries re - late, To show how A - mer - i - cans look. . And when next they went sail - ing a - cross the big blue, Their flag at the miz - zen un - furled, . All the lads in the town said: "We want to go too! And ex - plore the mys - te - ri - ous world! .

* *The name of Henry Hudson's ship in which he made his famous voyages.*

Down South

Marian Grey

Victor N. Pierpont

Moderato ♩ = 76

mf *p*

1. Down South where the cot - ton grows, (Sing, chil - dren, sing,) Mag - no - lias, a - bloom in rows, Wake love - ly spring!

2. Birds flash thro' the for - est aisles, (Sing, chil - dren, sing,) Win - ter, with her gold - en smiles, Blooms fair as June.

Sun and Song

FREDERIC MANLEY — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegro con gioia ♩. = 100

mf

Oh, my heart, my heart, to be out in the sun . and sing, . To

sing and shout in the fields a - bout, To sing and shout in the

fields a - bout In the balm and the blos-som-ing To shout and

FINE *mp* *cresc.*

sing! . Sing low, oh bird in the tree! Sing loud, .

. . . O bird in the sky! . And hon - ey - bees dark - en the

clo - ver beds, Where ev - 'ry flow - er a ban - quet spreads,

f *D.C. al Fine*

There are none, . There are none of you glad as I! . . .

The Falls of Minnehaha

(Round)

EDITH BATTELL — ROBERT Z. GRAHAM

Vivace ♩ = 152

I II

Sprites and fays, mer - ry as a sky - ful of stars, laugh

out from the falls of the Min - ne - ha - ha. . .

Captain Kidd

DAVID STEVENS

D. F. E. AUBER
in *Fra Diavalo*

Allegretto ♩ = 100

1. Oh, I was once a pi - rate, And man - y wick - ed
   In wa - ters e - qua - to - rial I sailed and sailed my
2. I cap - tured man - y gal - leons, As o'er the Span - ish
   Fine silks and cost - ly lac - es, The plate and jew - el
3. But sad my lot and sor - ry, There's no one now to
   I bu - ried all my treas - ure, And can't re - mem - ber

things I did; Fierce and bold, And hard to hold, They
pi - rate craft; Ev - 'ry trip. We caught a ship And
Main I swept; All were rich. In car - go, which I
rich. and rare; Sil - ver spoons And gold doub-loons A -
sink. and rob; These are days. When noth - ing pays Ex -
where it's hid! Seems to me. That this will be The

f CHORUS

called me Captain Kidd.. All hands! jump! and jump they did;. For the
raked her fore and aft! . All hands! jump! and jump they did;. For the
took and safe-ly kept. . All hands! jump! and jump they did;. But they're
plen-ty and to spare..
cept an hon-est job. .
end of Captain Kidd..

bo'-sum's word They al - ways heard, Sail-ing with Cap - tain Kidd!.
bo'-sum's word They al - ways heard, Sail-ing with Cap - tain Kidd!.
all be - low And ne'er will go Sail-ing with Cap - tain Kidd!.

A Violin Echo

(Bourrée)*

J. S. BACH
(Excerpt)

Allegro ♩ = 96

f

* *An antique dance.*

The Golden Rule

DON MAITLAND — VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Moderato (*Count three*) ♩. = 72

1. Broth - er - ly love is what Peace will be won by, That is the glo - ry . . . A - mer - i - ca needs; .
2. War is be - got - ten of Greed and of Blind - ness; His - to - ry's hor - rors . . by men are ab - horred; .
3. This be the Sun in our Star-Span-gled Ban - ner: "Love one an - oth - er!" . . "With mal - ice toward none!" .

"Do un - to oth - ers as you would be done by," And make a new Na - tion . . by be - nev - o - lent deeds. . .
On - ly a peo - ple made worth - y by kind - ness May hope to find fa - vor . . in the eyes of the Lord. . .
Deal with each oth - er in neigh-bor - ly man - ner; And kind-ness will con - quer . . till all lands are as one! . .

A Holiday

Adapted from the original — Lithuanian Tune

Tempo di Ländler ♩ = 132

Bells swinging In the tow'r ring-ing, 'Tis a hol - i - day for all, Oh!
Gay sing-ing O'er the field wing-ing, Hear the ech - o's an - sw'ring call, Oh!

Sails flut - ter o'er the lake Ev - er, as the
light, mer - ry whip-pets wake, While a hun-dred voic - es shout, "Come,

has - ten out! We'll hike thro' the brush and the brake!"

In the North Countree

Adapted by Emily Lowell — Lancashire Folk Tune

Allegretto ♩. = 84 (*Count two in a measure*)

1. A King there lived in the North Countree, *Hey, hey, down - a - day!* And
2. A Prince came out of a for - eign land, *Hey, hey, down - a - day!* And
3. The Prince re - gard - ed the daugh - ters well, *Hey, hey, down - a - day!* But

he had daugh - ters one, two three, *The bough that bends to me.* The
spake his plea at the King's com - mand, *The bough that bends to me.* "I'd
which was fair - est he ne'er could tell, *The bough that bends to me.* So

young-est was of beau - ty rare, The oth - er twain were pass - ing fair.
wed the fair - est one," quoth he, "And bear my bride a - cross the sea."
since that day, I've heard it said, Those three young maids are still un - wed.

I'll prove true to my love Till the sun shall drink the sea!

A Market Song

Adapted from the original — Czech Folk Tune, Arr. by Russell M. Dodge

Moderato ♩. = 60

(*3rd pt.*) *ad lib.* Ah! . . . . . .

1. I went to mar - ket with corn - meal, corn - meal,
   Mice gnawed a hole in my corn - bag, corn - bag,
2. Pi - geons ate all of my corn - meal, corn - meal,
   Next year I'll keep all my har - vest, har - vest,

Ah! . . . . . .

Yel - low as gold was my corn - meal, corn - meal.
Out poured the meal from my corn - bag, corn - bag.
Now I've no mon - ey nor corn - meal, corn - meal.
So I can live on my har - vest, har - vest.

Venice

CHARLES HARVEY

Allegretto alla Barcarola ♩= 58

Italian Canzonetta
(Adapted)

1. A - cross the world in love - ly I - ta - lia There
2. A fair - y place of flow - ers and mu - sic, And

dreams a town on the blue la - goon; Its pa - la - ces white are
oh, the song of the gon - do - lier, When out to the list - 'ning

fair as morn - ing, Tho' cen - tu - ries old they be. . . . .
stars of heav - en Its ca - dence is ech - oed free! . . .

Its won - ders cast a mag - i - cal con - ju - ry,
In all the world no town is so mar - vel - lous,

REFRAIN

All its pleas - ures take flight too soon; Ve - nice, . Ve - nice, .
Mar - ble mir - rored in wa - ters clear!

1 2 *rall.*

Ve- nice, the jew - el of cit - ies! . "Ve-nice, the Bride of the Sea!"
(*Omit*)

Topsy Turvy*

OLIVER ORDEN

Allegro moderato ♩= 66

Chinese Music
Arr. by TERENCE DARRELL

Hi lo sing a ring, Chi - na-town! Who said that Chi - na was up - side down?
Hi lo sing a ring, U. S. A.! *That's* up - side down in the night, they say.

* *The Sop. and Alto are separate tunes; The Altos sing 1st stanza alone.*

White Daisies

BLISS CARMAN

TERENCE DARRELL

Con gioia (*Count two*) ♩. = 80

1. O - ver the shoul - der and slopes of the dune I
bob - o - links ral - lied them up from the dell, The

saw the white dais - ies go down to the sea, A host . . in the
o - ri - oles whis - tled them out of the wood; And all . . of their

sun - shine, . an ar - my in June, . . The
say - ing . . was, "Earth, . . it is well!" . . And

♩ = ♩.

peo - ple God . sends us to set our hearts free. 2. The
all of their . danc - ing was, "Life, thou art (*Omit*) good!"

A Song and a Smile

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (Round)
2nd stanza by OLIVER ORDEN

RUSSELL M. DODGE

I *Moderato* ♩ = 104

It's the song ye sing and the smile ye wear, That's a

II

There's a lot o' hap - py mu - sic float - in' all a - round a - bout, And there's

mak - in' the sun - shine ev - 'ry - where.

tunes in yer heart . 'f you'll on - ly fetch 'em out.

Evening

M. Louise Baum — Irish Folk Song

Grazioso ♩. = 84

1. At eve - ning when the thrushes call and crick - ets chirp, un - seen, 'Tis
2. And when the danc-ing time is done, to - geth - er home we turn; The

forth I fare where lads and maids are danc - ing on the green; While the
dew is fall - ing soft - ly down on nod - ding leaf and fern; . And the

sun - set turns the sky to gold and twi - light shad-ows wait, . We
stars come peep - ing one by one, to sleep the flow'rs are fain, . Yet

twirl and trip it light and free till fair - ly half - past eight.
still we love to lin - ger all a - long the leaf - y lane.

Meg Merrilies *

John Keats (abridged) — George Y. Hume

Moderato ♩ = 80

1. Old Meg she was a gip - sy, And lived up - on the moors; Her
2. Her ap - ples were swart black-b'ries, Her cur - rants, pods o' broom; Her
3. Her Broth-ers were the craggy hills Her Sis - ters, larch - en trees; A -
4. And ev - 'ry morn, of wood - bine She made her gar - land - ing, And

bed it was the brown heath turf And her house was out of doors.
wine was dew o' the wild white rose, Her book a church-yard tomb.
lone with her great fam - i - ly She lived as she did please.
ev - 'ry night the dark glen yew She wove, and she would sing.

* *A character in Sir Walter Scott's novel Guy Mannering.*

The Wind and the Sun

MAURICE TALBOT — TERENCE DARRELL

Moderato (*Two in a measure*) 𝅗𝅥 = 80

1. Oh, once up - on a time there lived a man, as Ae - sop * told,
2. So Mis - ter Wind be - gan to blow, and blew, and blew, and blew!
3. But when the Wind had gone a- way, the tor - rid Sun came out,
4. The mor - al of this sim - ple tale is plain as plain can be,

Who wore a heav - y wool - sey cloak to keep a - way the cold.
But could not blow it off in spite of all that he could do!
And gen - tly shed a ge - nial heat on ev - 'ry thing a - bout.
But we shall point it out a- gain so ev - 'ry - one can see:

One day the East Wind came a - long, and he be - gan to scoff:
The man just held it tight and close un - til . the wind had gone;
The man grew ner- vous when he saw the sun . had come to stay;
When-e'er there's something to be done, you'll try . it, I dare say;

rit. *a tempo*

"That cloak is much too warm," said he, "I'll make you take it off!"
"My cloak is just the thing," said he, "I think I'll keep it on!"
"I've had e- nough of this," said he, And threw the cloak a - way.
But don't use Force to gain your end, Per - sua - sion wins the day.

* *This lyric is a rhymed version of one of Aesop's Fables.* (*620–560 B.C.*)

Coaching

DAVID HARVEY — Ukrainian Folk Tune

Con spirito 𝅗𝅥 = 104

1. Down the hill the coach is com - ing, Who will drive a - far to - day?
2. Swift - ly dash a - long the high - way, O'er the hill and thro' the glen;

Hark! the song of trav- 'lers gay. Crack the whip and start a - way!
Rest the team a while and then Crack the whip and off a - gain!

The Town Crier

FOSTER B. MERRIAM
Moderato ♩= 84

German Folk Tune*
Arr. by JAMES F. CALDWELL

Hark, the stroke of midnight sounding! An - oth - er day thus

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,

round-ing; And while the hours thro' shad - ows creep, May hap - py

boom, boom, boom,

dreams en - chant your sleep! Twelve o'clock, and all's well!

boom, boom, boom. . . . . .

* *Introduced in Wagner's "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg."*

Ten Miles from Home

Anon. (Hiking Song) Old English Folk Tune

Allegro moderato ♩= 100

1. We're ten miles from home, We're ten miles from home; We
2. We're nine miles from home, We're nine miles from home; We

walk a mile, we rest a while, We're nine miles from home.
walk a mile, we rest a while, We're eight miles from home.

(*Repeat, subtracting a mile each verse, till the last: "And now we're at home!"*)

Sunny May

CHARLES HARVEY

VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Andantino ♩ = 69

1. 'Tis here, the sun - ny May! . All fled the time when skies were
2. Light clouds are sail - ing by, . . Like fair - y fleets with - in the

gray, . Now green The bright sheen, Where gems twin - kle ra - diant
sky, . Fair blooms In warm glooms,* Out - breathe musky wood-land

rit. *a tempo*

o er the vel - vet lawn, And rob - ins call thro' the dawn.
per - fume on the air, What month with May can com - pare?

* *Gloom: a shady place.*

The Eyes of God

GABRIEL SETOUN

TERENCE DARRELL

Moderato ♩ = 88

God watches o'er us all the day, At home, at school and at our play; And

when the sun has left the skies He watch - es with a . mil - lion eyes.

The Lucky Number

DAVID HARVEY

Allegretto ♩ = 132

and

The Mountain Boy *

Two Alpine Folk Tunes

Assembled by H. W. L.

1 { White sheep came down the hill - side, as the eve - ning grew
Their shep - herd came to count them as they lay . in the

2. { A maid stood fond - ly gaz - ing at the first . stars of
"If sev - en be their num - ber, all my dreams will be

A yo - del song is good to hear Up - on the Al - pine
The moun-tain boy is sing- ing clear In eve-ning's ros - y

cold;
(*Omit*) fold. He count - ed one, he count - ed two, he count - ed
night:
(*Omit*) bright." She count - ed one, she count - ed two, she count - ed

height; O hark! from the hill - side, where
(*Omit*) light.

three, he count - ed four, he count - ed five, he count - ed
three, she count - ed four, she count - ed five, she count - ed

hap - py ech - oes play; . The song of the

six, he count - ed sev'n; all told.
six, she count - ed sev'n, all's right!

moun - tain - eer, With its u - le - ay - le - i - le - ay!

* *The Mountain Boy to be sung with the 2nd stanza of "The Lucky Number."*

Washington

DAVID STEVENS

LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

mf Moderato ♩ = 112

1. To - day we sing of Wash - ing-ton, whose name shall ev - er stand . A
2. His deeds of dauntless cour - age sing, when boldness saved the day; . . His
3. Then, mount-ing to his sta - tion high to guide an in - fant state, . . His

sym - bol for the faith that built the bul - warks of the land. . . The
read - y plan and coun - sel wise, when wis - dom held her sway; . The
just and right - eous rea - son led in coun - cils of the great. . . To -

love of God, the love of man, that raised its stan - dard high, . . And
pains of strife and sac - ri - fice, the years of bit - ter woe, . . When
day we set his death - less name from oth - er names a - part, . . 'Tis

made a home where Lib - er - ty may live and nev - er die, . . And
thro' the long and griev - ous night he kept his faith a - glow, . . When
first in war and first in peace and first in Free-dom's heart, . . 'Tis

broadly

made a home where Lib - er - ty may live . . . and nev - er die! . .
thro' the long and griev - ous night he kept . . his faith a - glow! .
first in war, and first in peace, and first . . in Free - dom's heart! .

Cavatina

C. M. VON WEBER
In *Der Freischütz*

Andante ♩ = 80

1 2

The Habañera

DON MAITLAND

Portuguese Folk Tune (adapted)

Allegretto giocoso ♩= 84

1. This tune is hap-py and care-free, And oh, how mer-ry the sound! I
2. 'Twas first in Pon-ta Del-ga-da,* That sea-girt is-land of flow'rs, Fair

take my fid-dle and play it, The dan-cers trip-ping a-round. Or
maid-ens car-olled the ca-dence My thoughts re-ech-oed for hours. I

rall. a tempo

else I whis-tle the mu-sic, This Ha-ba-ñe-ra gay, But
set its meas-ures to Eng-lish, This tune like song of birds, But

played or whis-tled or war-bled, 'Tis good for fro-lic and play.
now we're sing-ing it this way, For I've for-got-ten the words!

* *The largest of the Azores Islands, Portuguese Possessions.*

Castles in the Air

FREDERICK A. WINTHROP

Russian Tune

Moderato ♩= 54

High in the heav'ns at the sun-set hour Rose-tint-ed cloud-cas-tles
Fair as the dawn in the day's last gleam, (*Omit* . . . . . .

rall.

proud-ly tow'r; Soon their glo-ry melts a-way like a gold-en dream.

A Flower Song

GEORGE HERBERT (1539)

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

Allegretto ♩= 100

I got me flow'rs to strew thy way, I got me boughs off man-y a tree.
But thou wast up at break of day, And brought thy sweets a-long with thee.

We Thank Thee

Ralph Waldo Emerson
(3rd stanza: S. F.)

Robert Z. Graham

Moderato ♩ = 69

1. For flow'rs that bloom a - bout our feet; For
2. For blue . of stream and blue of sky; For
3. For au - tumn fruits in plen - ty stored; For

ten - der grass, so fresh and sweet; For song of bird and hum of
pleas - ant shade of branch- es high; For fra - grant air and cool - ing
shel - ter warm and am - ple board, For win - ter's cold but live - ly

bee; For all things fair we hear or see,
breeze; For beau - ty of the bloom - ing trees,
cheer That brings to us an - oth - er year,

Fa - ther in heav'n, we thank . . . . Thee.

Easter

Adapted

Rene De Cholleux
Arr. John V. Naughton

Con spirito ♩ = 88

The streets are gai - ly thronged to - day, 'Tis Eas - ter! . . . . . Or rich or poor in
. . . From ev - 'ry heart a song pours out, 'Tis Eas - ter! . . . . . glad ar - ray,
. . . The chime-bells ech - o Bright Eas - ter - tide has come a - gain!

all a - boat, They ring, "Bright Eas - ter - tide has come a - gain!"

Daisies

FREDERIC MANLEY — LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

Spiritoso ma leggiero ♩ = 144

They . trip a - cross { the . / On . } hills of June. In .

ev - 'ry field their arm - ies rise To . light the earth with .

poco rall.

gold - en eyes And pet - als whit - er than the moon.

The Bear Dance*

From the original V. N. P. — Utah Indian Tune

Moderato ♩ = 72

Ma - ma - ko - nee nit - kap, Wi - nip pam - pon.
For - ward and back we dance to flute and drum;

Sak - wee - a - gant, Wi - nip pam - pon.
Out of the woods a bear has come.

* *This dance is performed at the season when the bears come from their hibernating.*

Mazurka

Fr. CHOPIN
Prelude No. 7

Andante rubato ♩ = 100

Cherry Ripe

ROBERT HERRICK

Old Tune
Counterpoint by OLIVER ORDEN

Moderato ♩= 80

Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, Ripe, I cry! Full and

Full and fair . ones, come and buy! Oh, come and

fair ones, come and buy! Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, ripe I

buy! Oh, come and buy! Full and . fair . ones, come and

cry! Full nd fair ones, ones and buy!

buy! Oh, cher - ry, cher - ry, cher - ry ripe! Come and buy!

Shadow Pictures

MARIAN GREY

FRANK EDWARDS

Allegretto ♩= 112

mp

1. There are pic - tures, Shad-ow pic - tures, In the flick-'ring play Of the
2. In the pic - tures, Shad-ow pic - tures, See the gob - lins creep And the
3. There are sto - ries, Mag -ic sto - ries Of the fays and elves, Make them

fire - light ray, There are pic - tures on the wall. . .
drag - ons leap, In the pic - tures on the wall. . .
up your - selves, For the pic - tures on the wall. . .

The Mocking Bird

PAUL HASTINGS — ALICE HAWTHORNE

Moderato ♩= 96

1. I love to roam in the wood - land, . in the
2. I hear the song of the rob - in, . . of the

wood - land, in the wood - land, I love to roam in the
rob - in, . . of the rob - in, . . I hear the song of the

wood - land, When the mock - ing-bird is sing - ing in the glen. .
rob - in, . And the mock - ing-bird re - peats it once a - gain. .

(*Whistle*)

Lis - ten to the mock - ing - bird, Lis - ten to the

mock - ing bird; The mock - ing - bird is sing - ing all the

day; . . Lis - ten to the mock-ing - bird, Lis - ten to the

mocking-bird, Oh, I love to hear his mer - ry rounde - lay. . . .

Li'l' 'Liza Jane

OLIVER ORDEN *

Old Southern Tune

Allegro ♩= 104

1. I had a cat, her name was Jane, Li'l' 'Li - za Jane,
2. She was a mal - tese, round and plump; Li'l' 'Li - za Jane,

She was a nice cat, good, but plain, Li'l' 'Li - za Jane.
Slept on a great, big hick - 'ry stump, Li'l' 'Li - za Jane.

REFRAIN

Oh, E - li - za! Li'l' 'Li - za Jane!

Oh, Miss E - liz - a-beth, Oh, Miss E - liz- a-beth, Li'l' 'Li - za Jane! Lis - ten,

Oh, E - li - za! Li'l' 'Li - za Jane!

Oh, Miss E - liz - a-beth, Oh, Miss E - liz - a-beth, Li'l' 'Li - za Jane!

* *The children may be encouraged to write original verses for this song.*

The Candle

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegro ♩= 108 (Canon in Three Voices) *

I

How far . . . that lit - tle can - dle throws its beams! . . .

II

III

So shines . . a good . . deed in a naugh - ty . world.

* *To be sung only once through.*

It is Good to be Alive

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON — J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB

Allegro spiritoso ♩ = 152

1. It is good to be a - live when the trees shine
2. It is good to be a - live when the strong winds

green, . . And steep red hills stand up a - gainst the
blow, . . The strong, sweet winds that blow straight off the

az - ure sky; O big sky, O blue sky! with
rest - less sea. O great sea, O green sea! with

fly - ing clouds be - tween, . . It's good to be a - live, It's
swing - ing ebb and flow, . . It's good to be a - live, It's

rit. *a tempo*

good to be a - live, And see the fly - ing clouds drive by. . .
good to be a - live, And see the swing - ing waves roll by. . .

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Cooper's Song

SIDNEY ROWE

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
in *Ruins of Athens*

Allegretto ♩= 80

*mf**

1. Tap - ping, tap - ping, rat - tat - tat! The jol - ly, jol - ly coop - er
2. By and by the bar - rel grows, As mer - ri - ly the coop - er

works all day; Tap - ping, tap - ping, just like that, As
sings all day; *f* Loud - er sound the coop - er's blows, As

mer - ri - ly he sings his lay. Here are staves with
mer - ri - ly he pounds a - way. Hear the sound a -

hoops a - round them, Now with mal - let smart - ly pound them,
bove the sing - ing: *ff* Boom - ta! Boom - ta! loud - ly ring - ing;

mf Tap - ping, tap - ping, rat - tat - tat! As mer-ri - ly he sings his lay.
ff Boom - ta - boom - ta, boom - ta- boom! As mer-ri - ly he sings his lay.

*Pupils tap on desks with pencil or ruler with the notes indicated by **.*

Possessions

OLIVER ORDEN (Inverted Melodies) JAMES V. NAUGHTON

Moderato ♩= 108

1. Sun and moon and earth and sky Dwell with- in each mor - tal eye.
2. Joy and beau - ty, love and art Spring to life with - in the heart.

A Spring Dance

KATHARINE WHITMORE

Old Tune (adapted)
Arr. by PAUL LEROUX

mp Allegro grazioso ♩=160

1. Let us dance on the lawn In the dew of the dawn, And join in the
2. Let us run by the brook To a cool, fra-grant nook, Or find a wild

mf

wood-lark's re-frain; . . . . . There's a song in the
grape-vine and swing; . . . . . There's a laugh in the

re-frain, tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
and swing, tra-la-la, tra-la-la,

f

sky, And an ech-o close by, All the world is as sweet as the
glade From a sil-ver cas-cade, All the world is in tune with the

f

woods aft-er rain, What so sweet as the woods aft-er rain? Ho-la!
mu-sic of spring, All the world is in tune with the spring. Ho-la!

oh! . .

The Swan

SAINT SAËNS
(Excerpt) from *The Carnival of Animals*

Andante espressivo ♩=80

The Organ-Grinder

Adapted from the Bohemian
by Katharine Whitmore

Bohemian Folk Tune
Arr. by Hector Spaulding

Allegro ♩ = 88

1. Mon - key in a vel - vet jack - et, Friend of . the or - gan man,
2. Mon - key holds a cup for pen - nies, Who'll help the or - gan man?

Oh! see! here comes the or - gan man!

Climb - ing up the white ve - ran - da, Works for the or - gan man.
Pen - nies are such eas - y pay - ment, Spare for the or - gan man.

Grind - - ing mu - - sic all . day, or - gan man.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la,

la. Mon-key smiles at ev - 'ry- bod - y, So does the . or - gan man.
Mu - sic sweet is well worth mon-ey, So pay the . or - gan man.

la, la, la, la, la. Good mu - sic all . day, or - gan man.

Wonders

M. Teresa Armitage (Optional Alto) Marian Grey

p Moderato ♩= 92

1. High in the sky see the white cloud soar - ing, Down on the earth hear the
2. High in the sky see the air - plane fly - ing, Down on the earth au - to -

There, white cloud soars, Here, here the
There, great planes fly, Here, au - to -

accel.

wild waves roar - ing! Songs of the wind and the
mo - biles ply - ing! Steam - ers and trains go to

rit. *p a tempo*

laugh of the brook - let; Beau - ti - ful things are these, to me.
far - off plac - es; Won - der - ful things are these, to me.

rit.

Love - ly things are these! . .
Won - drous things are these! . .

The Prize Song

(*The Mastersingers of Nuremburg*) Richard Wagner

Andante ♩= 84

p *poco cresc.* *molto cresc.*

f *dim.* *p*

After the Storm

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Norwegian Folk Tune
Harmonized by VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Moderato ♩ = 63

f

The harm - less storm was end - ed, And as the sun - rise

cres.

splen - did Came blush - ing, came blush - ing o'er the sea, I

tho't, as day was break - ing, My lit - tie girls were wak - ing,

dim. *rall.* *p*

And smil - ing, and mak - - - - ing A prayer at home for me.

Blossom Time

MARY HOWITT

HECTOR SPAULDING

Allegretto ♪ = 132

1. See the yel - low cat - kins cov - er All the slen - der wil - lows
2. 'Mid the clus-t'ring leaves be - low, . . White and pur - ple vio - lets

o - ver; On the banks of moss - y green, Star - like
grow; . Ev - 'ry run - ning stream is bright, All the

rit.

wind-flow'rs now are seen, now are seen. . . . . .
orch - ard trees are white, trees are white. . . . . .

A Song for August

EDITH BATTELL

Slavonian Folk Song
Arr. by JAMES F. CALDWELL

Allegro ♩ = 88

1. See the plough-boy down by the riv - er - side, Hear his gay pipe!
2. Bright as sun - light, all thro' the meadow-land, Gold - en - rod shines;

There's a tree - toad up in the ap - ple-tree! Corn is now ripe;
Balls of gold are hung where the bit - ter-sweet Ev - er - green twines;

Here in the gar - den dah - lias grow,
Now is the month when shad - ows cool

Here in the gar - den
Now is the month when

Out in the or - chard pears hang low; Now we can hear the
Lead to the tempt - ing wood - land pool; O - ver the hills a

dah - lias grow, Out in the or - chard pears hang low,
shad - ows cool Lead to the tempt - ing wood - land pool,

rit. *a tempo*

Ka - ty - did High in the ma - ple where he hid.
mel - low haze; Sweet is the air on Au - gust days.

rit. *a tempo*

pears hang low; Now we can hear the Ka - ty - did.
wood - land pool; Sweet is the air on Au - gust days.

April

CHARLES H. FAIRFAX — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Grazioso ♩. = 54 (*One in a measure*)

1. A - pril, Twin - ing a gar - land of flow - ers, A - pril,
2. A - pril, Clouds in the heav - ens are pil - ing, A - pril,

A - pril, Wak - ing a song in the bow - ers, Shed - ding thy
A - pril, Lure the bright sun with thy smil - ing, All with thy

sil - ver - y show - ers; A - pril, A - pril, Blue is thine eye,
beau - ty be - guil - ing; A - pril, A - pril, Child of the sky!

Sunrise Song

EDITH BATTELL — Scottish Tune, Arr. A. T. H.

> *Allegro* ♩ = 108

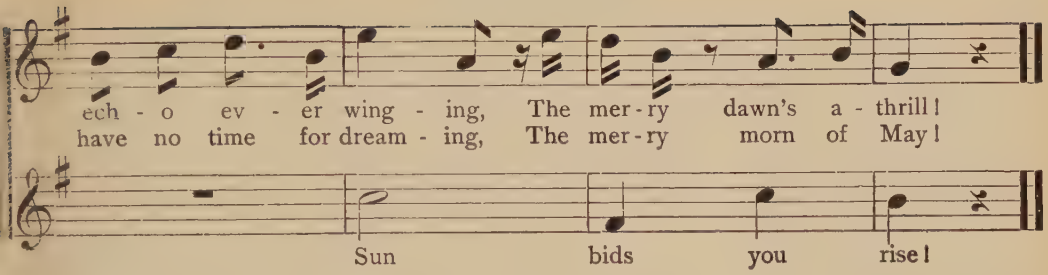
1. Wake, hear the birds whis - tle, Wake, greet the morn!
2. Wake, see the leaves frol - ic, Winds woke them up!

Ding - - dong, Ding - dong!

Hark! the bells a - ring - ing! The day is new - ly born. There's
Sil - ver dew is gleam - ing In Daf - o - dil - ly's cup. The

laugh - ter in the rill, There's a song on ev - 'ry hill, With
sun has made the day, There's a smile in ev - 'ry ray; We

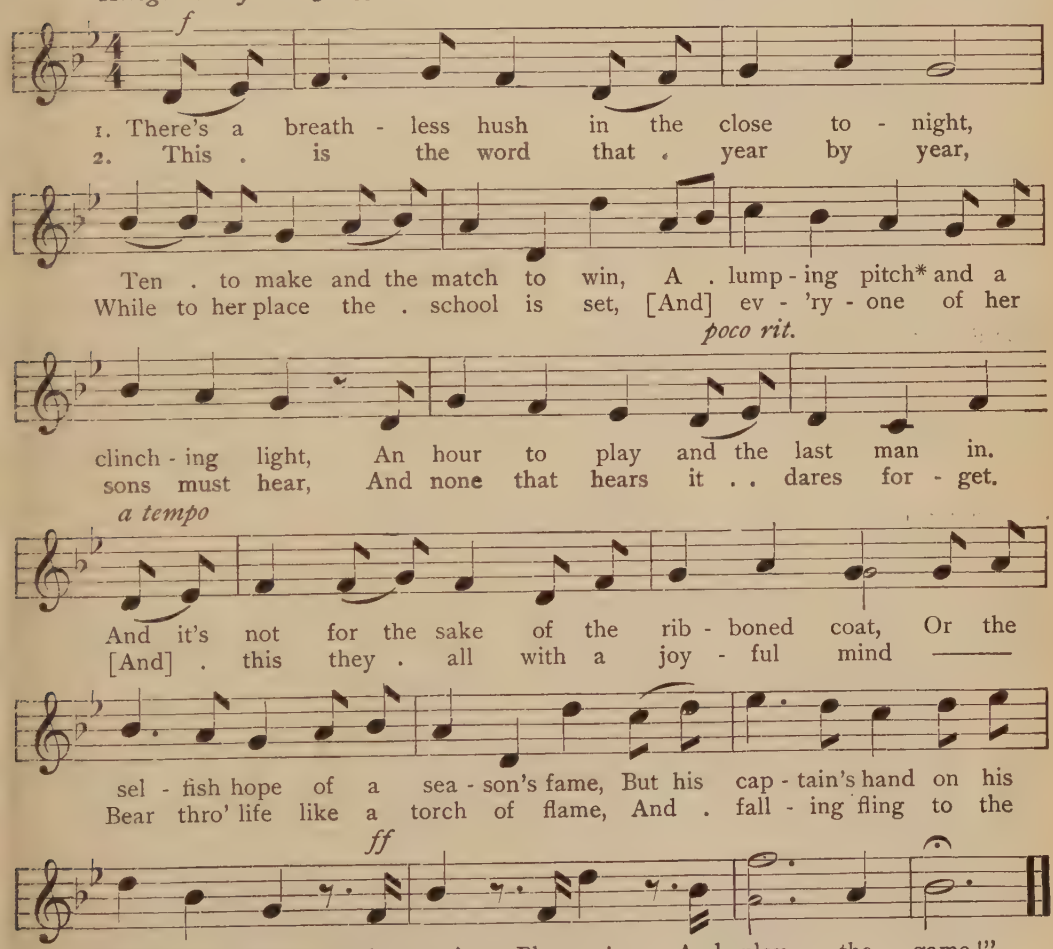
Wake, then! Wake, then!



Play the Game!

HENRY NEWBOLT — LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

Allegro con fuoco ♩ = 66



* *A term used in the game of cricket.*

The Rising of the Lark

From the Welsh of TAL HAIRN — Welsh Folk Song

Con spirito ♩ = 80

1. Rise, rise, thou mer - ry lark, Whose up - ward flight I love to mark At ear - ly dawn of day;
   Leave, leave the mos - sy lair; With light wing cleave the yield - ing air And car - ol forth thy lay!
2. Night's lin-g'ring shades are fled, And Phoe-bus, from his o - cean bed, Thro' eth - er wings his flight.
   Oh, let thy mu - sic sweet His pres-ence with glad wel - come greet In measures of de - light.

Rare and sweet the hon-ied note That swells within thy war-bling throat, Ah, the stream of mel - o - dy That steals the rap - tured

High - er yet, and high - er fly, Still soaring up-ward thro' the sky; Like as when, o'er E - den's grove, Un - to the flow'rs and crea - tures there, You first did tune to mu - sic rare, A mer - ry song of love!

soul a - way! Glad her-ald of the gold - en day, My blessing go with thee!

Sweet and Twenty

H. W. L. — (Round) — HILTON

Allegro giocoso ♩ = 76

I

Twice one, with four times sev - en, mi - nus ten, Co - rin - na's age!

II

Add a lit-tle ci - pher, then sub-tract twice nine-ty, if you care to prove the guage.

III

Still we find her years no more Di - vid - ing ten times eight by four.

Early and Late

Old French Adage
Tr. Oliver Orden

(Canon in the Fifth below)

Hector Spaulding

Moderato ♩ = 100

Ris - ing at five, With break-fast at nine, And din - ing at
Le - ver à cinq, dé - jeu - ner à neuf, puis sou - per à

Ris - ing at five, with break-fast at nine, And
Le - ver à cinq, dé - jeu - ner à neuf, puis

five, Re - tir - ing at nine, You'll . be a -
cinq, et cou - cher à neuf, Fait . vi - vre

din - ing at five, Re - tir - ing at nine,
sou - per à cinq, et cou - cher à neuf,

rall.

live At nine - ty - and nine, (Or ten!) . . . .
d'ans no - nan - te et neuf, (ou dix!) . . . .

rall.

You'll . be a - live at nine - ty and nine, (Or ten!)
Fait . vi - vre d'ans no - nan - te et neuf, (ou dix!)

Elfland Horns

Marian Grey

James V. Naughton

Moderato ♩ = 108

Horns of Elf - land faint - ly sound To call the ech - oes hov-'ring round.

October Music

KATHARINE WHITMORE — LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

Allegro moderato ♩ = 84

1. Oh, hark, hear the horns thro' the crisp Oc - to - ber air! Their
2. The leaves in the woods are more bright than sum - mer flow'rs; At

mu - sic at - tunes with the beau - ty ev - 'ry - where;
Frost's mag - ic touch they will fall in gold - en show'rs.

f — *pp*

Full mel - low the sound Soft - ly ech - oes a - round,
Cool breez - es of morn Bear the tune of the horn:

mf

"Time to seek a moun-tain trail!" the glad notes de - clare.
"Au - tumn crowns the year with joy and bright fes - tal hours."

The Song of the Breeze

RUSSELL M. DODGE — JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Moderato ♩ = 80

1. A rose - vine grew Up - on the trel-lised wall, . The skies were
2. 'Tis au - tumn time, My rose a mem-'ry now, . In warm - er

blue, . I heard a rob - in call; A rose - bud pink was
clime . The rob - in seeks a bough. A wan - d'ring breeze is

tap-ping at my case-ment: Gold was the sun, For June was new be - gun.
sing-ing at my case-ment: "Maid, wherefore sigh? My song can nev- er die."

In Scotland

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Allegro grazioso ♩ = 144

1. Oh, sweet is a High-land morn - ing, with the weath-er . soft and clear,
2. Oh, fair are the downs of Scot - land when the heath-er . comes in spring;

And ah, but the pi - per's mu - sic, 'tis a bon - ny . sound to hear,
Right gay is the vil - lage green, as lads and las - sies . dance and sing,

When o - ver the fra - grant hill - side it is ech - oed . far and near!
And there you may find the blue - bell, is there a - ny . dear - er thing?

The Pear Tree

Traditional — Old Vermont Song

Moderato ♩. = 56

Out in a beau - ti - ful field . There stands a pret - ty

Fine (*1st Section*)

pear - tree, With the grass all a - round. 1. What is there on . the
2. What is there on . the

(*2nd Section*) (*All*) *D.C. al fine*

tree? . A ver - y pret - ty bough. { Bough on the tree, Tree in the ground,
bough? A ver - y pret - ty nest. { Nest on the bough, Bough on the tree, Tree in the ground.

3 What is there in the nest?
A very pretty egg.
Egg in the nest, Nest on the bough, etc.

4 What is there in the egg?
A very pretty bird.
Bird in the egg, Egg in the nest, etc.

A Travelogue

Adapted from the original
by Oliver Orden

German Folk Tune

Allegro alla Mazurka ♩= 120

1. Have you ev - er trav - elled on an un - ac - com - mô - da - ting, slow, ac - com - mo - da - tion train? Have you no - ticed how the en - gi - neer de-lights to pause at ev - 'ry in - ter- sect - ing lane? Soon, how - ev - er at a dust - y rail - way sta - tion, as the brakes give out a grind - ing crunch, You hear the old con - duc - tor shout the cheer - y news, "We're stop - ping sev - en min - utes here for lunch!" You hear the old con-duc - tor shout the cheer - y news, "We're stop - ping sev - en min - utes now for lunch!"

2. Then you leave the car, and in the res - tau - rant you ask the wai - ter for the bill of fare; You're so hun - gry you're in -clined to or - der ev - 'ry sin - gle i - tem that is print - ed there. While you're mak - ing up your mind, the whis - tle blows, and so you has - ten out with might and main, But oh, a - las! you hav - n't had a bite of lunch, and in - ci - den - tal - ly, you've lost the train! A - las, a - lack! you hav - n't had a bite of lunch, and in - ci - den - tal - ly you've lost the train!

Salute the Flag!

DAVID HARVEY — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

mf Con spirito ♩=112

1. Brave, mar - tial mu - sic on the high - way sound - ing, Fife, drum and bu - gle, in a meas - ure bold! Swift - ly the puls - es of the throng are bound - ing, Borne high a - loft, the Stars and Stripes be - hold!
2. Mile aft - er mile, the stur - dy men ad - vanc - ing, March where our star - ry ban - ner proud - ly leads. Thrilled by its col - ors in the bright sun glanc - ing, Stirred by its his - to - ry of gal - lant deeds.

REFRAIN

f Hats off! Sa - lute the flag! Hats off! Sa - lute the flag! The no - ble ban - ner that is yours and mine! Hats off! Sa - lute the flag! Hats off! Sa - lute the flag! 'Twill wave as long as sun and star - light shine!

Sleep, Soldiers!

BAYARD TAYLOR — CHARLES H. FAIRFAX

Andante ♩=72

Sleep, sol - diers! Still in hon - ored rest Your truth and val - or wear - ing; The brav - est are the ten - der - est, The lov - ing are the dar - ing.

The Land of the Midnight Sun

Ralph Suydam

Norwegian Folk Tune
Arr. by Asa D. Hunt

Allegro con espressione ♩ = 112

1. Be - yond the roll - ing o - cean, In Nor - way Land, in
2. Yet in that rug - ged coun - try, In Nor - way Land, in

Vi - king Land, Where rock - y hills and moun - tains Like
Vi - king Land, Whose az - ure lakes and in - lets Re -

sa - cred tem - ples rise, Thro' - out the days of win - ter - time, The
sound with mu - sic light, When June is there with birds and flow'rs, The

sun for-sakes that dis - tant clime And star-light fills the skies.
sun, thro' - out the joy - ful hours, Is glow - ing, day and night.

The Cuckoo's Career

Old Rhyme

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegretto ♩ = 126

mp *p*

In A - pril, come he will; (Cuckoo!) In May, he sings all day; (Cuckoo!) In

June, he chan-ges his tune; (Cuck-oo!) In Ju - ly, he makes read - y to

rall.

fly; (Cuck-oo!) In Au-gust, go he must, (Cuckoo!) In Au-gust, go he must.

A Song of Araby

FOSTER B. MERRIAM

Arabian Folk Tune
Arr. by PAUL LEROUX

Andante ♩ = 76

1. Oh, the stars burn bright as fire . . In the Land of Heart's De - sire! .
2. Man-y a bard has tuned his lyre . . In that Land of Heart's De - sire! .

There the palm - trees ev - er sway, ev - er sway, . . Near at
There the or - chids glow and gleam, glow and gleam, . And the

hand cool foun-tains play, foun-tains play . . Where car - a - vans may rest.
gold - fish haunt the stream, haunt the stream, . Soft mu - sic weaves a spell

rall. *a tempo*

Fair A - ra - by the blest! 'Tis the Land of Heart's De - sire. . .
O'er trop - ic hill and dell In the Land of Heart's De - sire. .

The Young Voyageur

OLIVER ORDEN

Canadian Voyageur Tune

Allegro moderato = 132

1. From his home in the North Comes the young voy - a - geur, His ca -
2. There's a smile on the lips Of the young voy - a - geur, And the

noe lad - en well With a car - go of fur. Chill tho' the air,
sound of his voice Sets the for - est a - stir. Pad - dle keeps time,

Naught should he care, For there's joy in the heart of the young voy - a - geur.
Sweet ech - oes rhyme, There's a song in the heart of the young voy - a - geur.

The La-La Song

EMILY LOWELL

Finnish Tune
Counterpoint by EDITH BATTELL

Allegretto moderato

1. I know a song, the words so queer Are "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
2. It seems to be a cheer-ful song, This "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

1. I know a song, . . . "Tra, la, la, la, la,
2. A cheer - ful song, . . . This "La, la, la, la,

la, la," And that is all you ev - er hear, This "La, la, la, la,
la, la," It's not too hard, nor yet too long, This "La, la, la, la,

la, la," A queer old song, . . . A "La, la,
la, la," It's not too long, . . . This "La, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la," Will some kind friend ex-pound for me, This
la, la, la, la, la, la," So, af - ter all, per-haps it's best To

la, la, la, la;" Oh, when you see . . . This
la, la, la, la;" Per-haps it's best . . . To

"La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la," Or tell what lan - guage
"La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la," And let the mean - ing

"La, la, la, la, la, la," Ex-pound for
"La, la, la, la, la, la," And leave un -

it may be, This "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la."
go un-guessed, Of "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la."

me, ... This "La, la, la, la, la, la."
guessed . . . "Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la."

The Sailors

CHARLES HARVEY

Con spirito ♩= 108 (*E minor*)

Norwegian Folk Tune
Arr. by RUSSELL M. DODGE

1. Safe at home in port a - gain, Trim and heart - y, trim and heart - y
2. Wea - ry of a for - eign clime, Glad re-turn - ing, glad re-turn - ing

(*E major*)

sail - ors! Gath - er, all ye maids and men, Hey! ho!
sail - ors! Now we'll have a joy - ous time, Hey! ho!

1. Safe at home in port a - gain, Trim and heart - y sail - ors!
2. Wea - ry of a for - eign clime, Glad, re - turn - ing sail - ors!

Sing tra-la- la! For Jack is back a - gain! Wel-come home the hearty sail-ors!

Hey! ho! Sing tra- la - la! For Jack is back a - gain, Hey! ho! .

Moonlight

CHARLES HARVEY

(Canon*) Roumanian Folk Tune
Arr. by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Andante tranquillo ♩ = 100

1. When the tran - quil eve de-scends up - on the wood - land, Thro' the
2. When the eve - ning wraps the world in wel - come shad - ow, And in

Optional

1. Tran - quil eve de-scends up - on the wood- land fair,
2. Eve - ning wraps the world in wel - come shad - ow sweet,

warm and fra - grant at - mosphere of June, In the
slum - ber stills the voice of woe or mirth, Thro' the

Warm ex - hales the at - mos-phere of fra - grant June;
Slum - ber stills the voice of woe or light - some mirth;

moon - light, glit - ter - ing moon - light, Love - ly
moon - light, mag - i - cal moon - light, Gold - en

In the moon - light, ... glit - ter - ing moon - light,
Thro' the moon - light, ... mag - i - cal moon - light,

night - in - gales re-hearse a gold - en tune, In the
dreams de- scend up - on the wea - ry earth, Thro' the

Night - in- gales re-hearse their most en - chant - ing tune,
Gold - en dreams de- scend up - on the wea - ry earth,

* *If desired, the music of the upper staff only may be sung.*

Moonlight

moon - light, glit - ter - ing moon - light, Love - ly
moon - light, mag - i - cal moon - light, Gold - en

In the moon - light, ... glit - ter - ing moon - light,
Thro' the moon - light, ... mag - i - oal moon - light,

night - in - gales re - hearse a gold - en tune. . . .
dreams de - scend up - on the wea - ry earth. . . .

Night - in - gales re - hearse a gold - en tune. . . .
Dreams de - scend up - on . the wea - ry earth. . . .

Afterglow

Alpine Tune

Allegretto ♩ = 120

*Counterpoint by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

1. On the Lake of Lu - cerne, When the eve - ning is
2. Tho' the sun is long set For the folk in the

1. U - lee - i - lee - o, sweet voic - es a - wake, U - lee - i. u - lee -
2. U - lee - i - lee - o, the sun now is set, U - lee - i, u - lee -

near, In the high - tow - er - ing Alps . Ro - sy vi - sions ap - pear.
vale, Bril-liant hues man-tle the peaks . That in day-light were pale.

i - lee - o, In the tow - er - ing Alps Ro - sy vi - sions ap - pear.
i - lee - o, Col - ors man - tle the peaks That in day - light were pale.

* *The two melodies should be learned separately.*

The Hare and the Tortoise

Adapted from Aesop's Fables
by David Harvey

Danish Folk Tune
Counter-melody * by H. W. L.

Allegro moderato ♩ = 92

1. { A fleet - - foot-ed Hare met a slow - go-ing
The Tor - toise was slow there is no doubt a-

3. { The Hare start-ed off in a flash like an
He ran till his ri - val was lost in the

(*Sing Counter-melody on repeats only*)

You have of-ten heard it said of course, The Tor-toise is-n't rat-ed
So he chuckled as he ran, to think He'd set a ver-y clev-er

Tor-toise; Mis-ter Hare was ver-y proud be-cause he was so fast.
bout it, He was al-most al-ways sure to be the ver-y last.
ar-row, Fill'd with glee be-cause the Tortoise fell in-to the trap;
dis-tance, Then he tho't he'd stop a while and take a lit-tle nap.

fast, So we know He's slow, And he's ver-y apt to come in last.
trap, Till he thought He ought To al-low him-self a lit-tle nap.

2. { So the Hare pro-posed a race, Sly-ly tho't to set the pace,
Mis-ter Tor-toise wagged his head, He was will-ing, so he said,

4. { Tor-toise then, with time to spare, Pass'd the sil-ly sleep-ing Hare,
Here is where the point comes in: Speed a-lone won't al-ways win;

Tor-toise was will-ing, so he said, Said so by wag-ging of his head;
Here's where we get the mor-al in: Some-times the speed-er does-n't win;

* *The two melodies should be learned separately.*

The Hare and the Tortoise

He tho't the Tor-toise was a sim - ple - mind-ed dunce.
Tho' he was slow, he tho't he'd try it just for once.
First at the goal was he and past the win-ning stake;
Stick to your pur-pose and be sure you keep a - wake.

Tho' they call him slow, Still he had a mind to try it once.
Trav - el right a - long, And be sure to keep your wits a - wake.

Coasting

CANON BROOKINGFORD
Moderato ♩= 84

Russian Folk Tune
Counter-melody by HENDRYK SCHUYLER

1. Run your sleds o - ver the snow, While your
2. Down the grade fly - ing we go, Up once

1. Sing a song of a win - ter's day,
2. All day long on the sleds we go,

cheeks tin - gle and glow! Mer - ri - ment ech - oes on the
more, plod-ding and slow; What do we care if breath runs

Fields all white and a sky of gray, Sleds hur - ry - ing
Gay and free as the fly - ing snow. Hi! out o' the

air, Shout - ing and laugh - ter ev - 'ry - where.
short? Noth - ing we know can beat this sport.

down the hill To the ice - pond near the mill.
way, be low! There's a crowd be - hind, you know.

Music in the Air

Anon.

GEORGE F. ROOT
Counterpoint by HARVEY W. LOOMIS

Moderato ♩ = 104

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the in - fant morn is
2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the twi-light's gen - tle

1. There's mu - sic in . the air At morn - ing . and at
2. There's mu - sic in . the air At twi - light's gen - tle

nigh; And faint its blush is seen . . . .
sigh Is lost in eve - ning's hush, ...

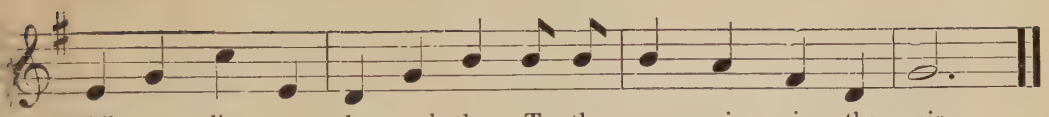
noon, And oh, there's mu - sic in . the . air, Be -
sigh, And oh, there's mu - sic in . the . air, As

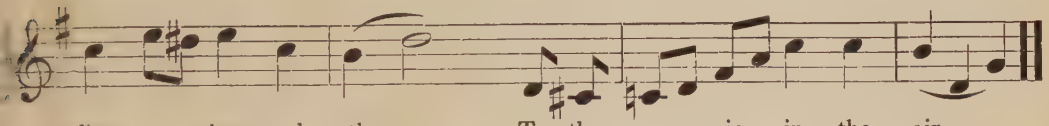
On the bright and laugh - ing sky. Man - ya harp's ec -
As its pen - sive beau - ties die.

neath the . sil - ver moon. And man - ya harp's ec - sta - tic
eve - ning's beau - ties die. And man - ya harp's ec - sta - tic

sta - tic sound Thrills us with a joy pro - found,

sound . Gives a thrill of . joy pro - found, . . While we .

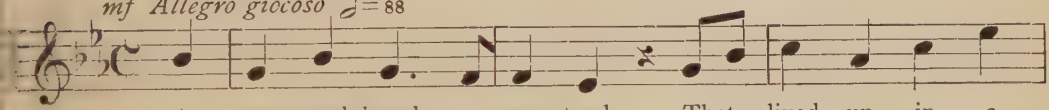


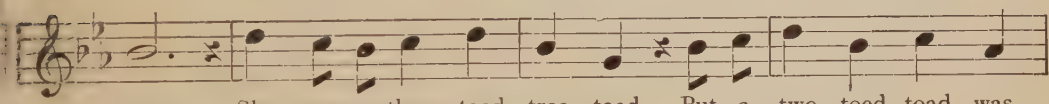


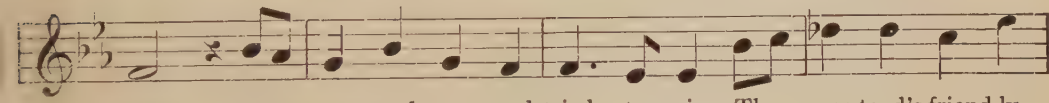
The Tree-Toads

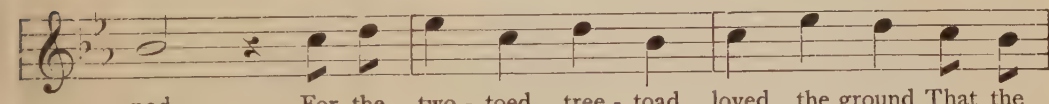
Anon. FRANK EDWARDS

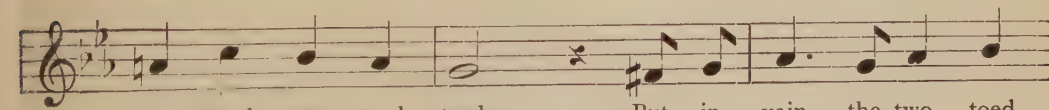
mf Allegro giocoso ♩ = 88

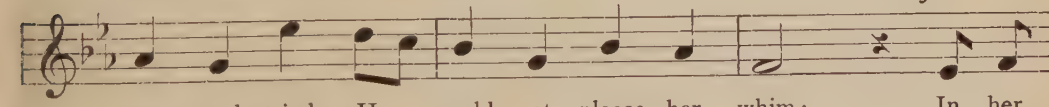


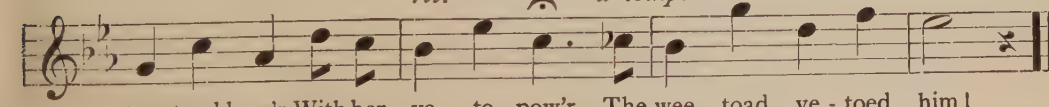












Twilight

EMILY LOWELL — SEUMAS O'FARRELL

Tranquillo ♩ = 66

Twi - light, . . O peace-ful twi - light! . . The mel-low

Comes the hour of twi - light, earth from care re-leased, The

moon - rise . . . a-dorns the sky-land in the east; Glad

calm and splen-did moon-rise is glow-ing in the east; The orb of

day - light . . must yield to star - shine, . . While thro' the

day must yield to stars with their ten-der sil-ver light; Songs .

wood-land and mead-ow the songs of toil have ceased.

rall - en - tan - do

. . . thro' wood and mead now are si-lenced for the night.

Skating

(Round)

OLIVER ORDEN — PAUL LEROUX

I *Con grazia* ♩. = 63 II

O-ver the ice we glide on sil-ver skates, None de-lays nor waits . . For his

tar-dy mates; . Who will join in a race? . . Who will set us the pace,

. . . As swal-low flies? First to reach the goal shall win a rare prize.

Masquerades

KENNETH DOUBLEDAY

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
in *Bal Costumé*
Arr. A. T. H.

Allegretto grazioso ♩. = 80 (*Count two*)

1. "Tur - keys strut in pea - cock feath - ers," That is an an - cient pro - verb;
2. "Wolves have prowl'd in lamb - kins cloth - ing," This we have learned in Scrip - ture;
3. "Truth at last will come to light," How - ev - er we mas - quer - ade it;

(*Each time*) Wise men . . . de - ceive not, ...

"Wa - tered milk may pose as cream," How of - ten it's been the case! .
"All that glit - ters is not gold," Much coun - ter - feit coin is passed.
Lin - coln said, "You can't fool all the peo - ple all the time." .

They know . . . that "Truth will out!" .

Mizpah

Adapted

W. G. TOMER
Arr. by WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Andantino espressivo ♩ = 84

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain,

'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing hide you, Dai - ly wis - dom still pro -
By His coun - sel guide, up - hold you, Safe with - in his heart en -

vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

The Land of Flowers

(Humoresque)

MARIAN GREY — ANTONIN DVOŘÁK

Allegro grazioso ♩ = 88

1. Down be-yond the realm of frost, Where win - try winds have never crossed, There
2. There No-vem - ber brings but cheer, And e - ven for the dy - ing year De-

lies a land of bright e - ter - nal spring, . . There from June to
cem - ber weaves a gown of scent - ed flow'rs; . There a-mong the

gold - en June, With sky and sea and earth a - tune, The sor - did cares of
sing - ing birds, Whose mes- sage has no need of words, The God of Youth has

REFRAIN

life take wing. . . O land of sun-shine! Fair land of sun-shine!
built his bow'rs. .

Realm where a smil - ing joy a waits! . O bright land of flow - ers,

rit.

Sweet land of flow - ers! "Welcome!" is bla - zoned up - on thy gates!

O Had I Jubal's Lyre

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL (abridged)

In *Joshua*

Moderato ♩ = 76

1. ‖: O, had I Ju - bal's lyre, Or Mi-riam's tune-ful voice, :‖
2. ‖: My hum - ble, hum - ble strains But faint -ly, faint- ly show :‖

1. ‖: O, had I Ju - bal's lyre, Or Mi-riam's tune - ful voice, :‖
2. ‖: My hum -ble, hum - ble strains But faint - ly, faint - ly show :‖

O Had I Jubal's Lyre

To sounds like his I would as - pire, In songs like hers re -
How much to heav'n and thee, how much To heav'n and thee I .

To sounds like his I would as - pire, In .
How much to heav'n and thee, how much To .

joice, To sounds like his I would as-pire, In songs like her's re - joice.
owe, How much to heav'n and thee, how much To heav'n and thee I owe.

songs like hers re - joice, In songs like hers, I would re - joice.
heav'n and thee I owe, How much to heav'n and thee I owe.

Jack and Jean

DAVID STEVENS

Scottish Tune
Harmonized by ASA T. HUNT

Allegretto ♩. = 66

1. Young Jack was a hard - y High - land - er free, As
2. Young Jean was a milk - maid, bon - nie and sweet, As
3. In spite of it all they mar - ried one day, And

like - ly a lad as ev - er you'd see; He wore the clan tar - tan and
† son - sie a lass as ev - er you'd meet; But she was Mac-greg - or as
lived a long life as hap - py as May; For love, it is said, and it's

bon - net of blue, And fol - lowed the ban - ner of Cam - e - ron Dhu.*
all the town knew, And they were at odds with the Cam - e - ron Dhu.
prob - a - bly true, Is neith - er Mac-greg - or nor Cam - e - ron Dhu,

* *Dhu: Gaelic for black,* † *Sonsie: happy; good-natured,*

Leaves

(Canon in the 2nd above)

EMILY LOWELL — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegretto ♩. = 63

1. Blades of grass and fern - fronds Shin - ing 'mid the wood - land,
2. Some are sharp as knife - points, Some are shaped like bird - wings,

Blades of grass and fern - fronds Shin - ing 'mid the
Some are sharp as knife - points, Some are shaped like

Ev - er - y leaf that grows there Is wrought by na - ture's art! . .
Some are like star - ry snow - flakes, And oth - ers like a heart. .

wood - land, Beau - ti - ful all the leaves that grow;
bird - wings, Some are like star - ry flakes of snow.

Sweet Wild April

WILLIAM FORCE STEAD (abridged) — GEORGE Y. HUME

Moderato ♩. = 84

1. O sweet wild A - pril Came o - ver the hills, He . skipped with the winds
2. O sweet wild A - pril, Wher - ev - er you went The . bond-age of win -
3. O sweet wild A - pril, The blithe, the brave, Fell a - sleep in the fields

And he tripped with the rills; His rai - ment was all of the
ter Was bro - ken and rent; Sank elf - in ice - cit - y and
By a wind - less wave, And Jack - in - the - Pul - pit preached

rit. *f* *pp* *f*

daf - fo - dils, Sing hi, . . sing hey, . . sing ho! . . . . . .
frost-gob-lin's tent, Sing hi, . . sing hey, . . sing ho! . . . . . .
o - ver his grave, Sing hi, . . sing hey, . . sing ho! . . . . . .

Winter and Spring

KATHARINE WHITMORE

Albanian Folk Tune
Arr. by ROBERT Z. GRAHAM

Allegro (Three beats in a measure) ♩. = 69

1. Win - ter must come, . the sun . grow pale, Win - ter must come . with
2. Win - ter must come, . the year grow old, Win - ter must come . with

Piu mosso

snow and hail, . . But soon shall fol - low won - der - ful,
cru - el cold, . . Yet May re - turns, when beau - ti - ful,

won - der - ful days of spring, When lark and white - throat
beau - ti - ful fan - cies throng, In ev - 'ry heart a

sing. . . Full lark and white - throat sing. . .
song. Soon ev - 'ry heart a song. . .

The Swiss Boy

Adapted from the original

Swiss Folk Tune
Arr. by ASA T. HUNT

Tempo di polka ♩ = 88

1. Fair Lu - cerne is An - ton's home, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
   O'er the moun - tains he will roam, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
2. Bare - foot up the hills he'll climb, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
   Be it spring or win - ter time, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
3. He can run or swim a race, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
   An - ton al - ways sets the pace, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,

hol - di - ri - ay! hol - di - ay! Hol - di! Hol - di! Di -

ay, di - ri - di - a, hol - di - ri - ay! hol - di - ay!

Song of the Forge

HENRY SNOW

Serbian Folk Tune

f Moderato ♩ = 76

1, Kling,klang,kling,now loud-ly . . ring - ing,Hear the blacksmith's ham-mer swinging,
2. Kling,klang,kling,at dawn I'm . wak - ing, Bel - lows blow - ing, forge-fire rak - ing,

Kling,klang,kling,the bright sparks flinging, Hear the black - smith sing - ing:
Kling,klang,kling,good horse -shoes mak - ing, While my song I'm sing - ing:

What care I . . for rain or shine, For ev - 'ry day to me is fine, My

forge is dry, My trade I ply, And owe no pen - ny to an - y!

Awake!

H. W. L.

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegro con gioia (*two beats in a measure*) ♩. = 96

mp *mf*

1. A - wake! (A - wake!) while all the for - est is still, . . Be
2. A - wake! (A - wake!) the brook is hur - ry - ing by, . . Oh,
3. A - wake! (A - wake!) the wind is hap - py at play, . A -

first (Be first) to hear the bob - o - link trill, . . And
look! (Oh, look!) the clouds that daz - zle the eye, . . Like
wake! (A - wake!) the dark has hid - den a - way, . . For

rall.

see the top o' the morn - ing o - ver the hill. . .
white pro - ces - sions of an - gels cross - ing the sky. . .
God, the King of the world has o - pened the day. . .

Westward Ho!

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

Italian Folk Tune
(abridged)

Allegro (*count two*) ♩. = 100

1. Up - on the rest - less o - cean . . . so wide, .
2. The breeze is gent - ly blow - ing, . . . all fair; .

The rest - less o - cean wide, . With
The breeze is blow - ing fair; . No

To catch the swell - ing tide, Oh,
No shad - ow an - y - where, Oh,

gen - tle sway - ing mo - tion . . . we ride, Oh,
cloud of gloom is show - ing, . . . no care, Oh,

Sail, sail, sail, We will steer for magic lands a - far, Up - on the boundless
sail sail, sail, To that hap-py land, Hes-pe - ri- a,* Where dreams and marvels

1 2

pur-ple sea That stretches to the West, Mer-ri - ly.
all come true, To (*Omit* . . . . . .) crown our golden quest.

**Hesperia: the Western Land*

The Lame Crane

(Round)

MARSHALL

I ♩ = 84 II III

My Dame had a lame, tame crane, My Dame had a crane that was lame, Oh,

IV

pray, gen- tle Jane, let my Dame's lame, tame crane Drink and come home a - gain.

Hallowe'en

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Moderato ♩. = 72

1. When the moon is hid and winds are whist And fold - ed in the clouds, . On the mys - tic Hal - low - e'en, You may see the spooks a - mid the mist, And spec- ters trail -ing shrouds, And you'll hear the banshee keen.
2. You will hear a harp up - on the air, That's played by hands un - seen . . At the witch -ing noon of night; There'll be hol - low groans, and lights will flare A pale and poi - son green, Such an ee - rie bale - ful sight!
3. You for - sake your couch, and then em -ploy The bright e - lec - tric torch, . . Tho' your soul be sick with dread, And you find that ev - 'ry ghost's a boy, Who's lurk-ing 'round the porch, With a pump- kin on his head!

Lincoln's Land

BLISS CARMAN — HECTOR SPAULDING

Moderato ♩ = 120

O South, bring all your chiv - al - ry; And West, give all your heart; And East, your old un - tar-nished dreams Of prog - ress and of art! Bid waste and war to be no more, Bid wan - ton ri - ot cease; At

allargando

your com-mand give Lin-coln's land To Par - a - dise and Peace.

Good Morning

MAURICE TALBOT

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Con spirito ♩ = 96

1. Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! And here is come an - oth - er day, With
2. Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! An - oth - er day to dare and do The

time for work and time for play; Good morn-ing! The world be-gins a -
things that make our dream-ing true; Good morn-ing! To - day's the day to -

new! Good friends a - gain we're meet - ing, A - gain we hear the
strive! There's much that needs be - gin - ning, The try - ing and the

greet - ing: Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! A hap - py day to you!
win-ning; Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! It's good to be a - live!

An Air Voyage

Albanian Folk Tune

Arr. FRANK EDWARDS

Moderato ♩. = 84 (*Count two in a measure*)

1. High, high in the blue . . Sails the air - ship; . . Like a
2. Far, far from the crowd . . See the sky - ship; . . I would

gay flow - er its hue; . 'Tis a fair ship . In a realm the ea - gle
fain race with a cloud. . Were it my ship . I would span the o - cean

rall.

knows . It clears a path thro' ev - 'ry wind that blows. .
ways, . And all the world would lie . be - neath my gaze. .

Song to Ivan

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — Russian Folk Tune

Moderato ♩ = 90

1. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep, *I - van, And I will watch thee, dear;
2. When thou art a man, †*ba - bush - ka*, Thou shalt watch o'er me;

Sleep, my dar - ling, Sleep, my dar - ling, On this
Sleep, my dar - ling, Sleep, my dar - ling, Sleep, oh,

On this feast of Saint Ste - fan, Oh, sleep and nev - er fear.
Sleep and grow, my lit - tle †*dush - ka*, I will wait for thee.

ho - ly feast of Saint Ste - fan, Oh, sleep and nev - er, nev - er fear.
sleep and grow, my lit - tle *dush - ka*, I will wait, will wait for thee.

* *Ivan: pronounced E-vahn'.*
† *A Russian term of endearment.*

A Charm

GEORGE HERBERT — WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Allegretto ♩. = 76

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold; Who o - pens it, hath it

twice - told, Who o - pens it, hath it twice - told, O hey . . ho O, hey ho!

Carrillon

(For Christmas or Easter)

FRANK EDWARDS — Old German Carol

Con spirito ♩ = 100 — *Fine*

f

Ring out, sweet car - il-lon, with { Yule - tide / Eas - ter } cheer!

Ring naught but joy to crown the { pass - ing / wak - ing } year!

Optional voices

Let all the world give ech - o to the dong, ding dong,

D.C.

Let love at-tune your message, Fair hope be in your presage.

In Yule - tide song, In Eas - ter song.

The Bell Buoy

OLIVER ORDEN — FREDERICK A. WINTHROP

♩. = 52

A fog was chok-ing the air, chok-ing the air, . A bell was ech - o-ing

Ding-dong, ...

there, ech - o - ing there, It rang: "O sail - or, be - ware! Sail - or, be - ware!"

Ding-dong, ...

Ding-dong! . . . .

The Highland Fling

David Stevens

Scottish Dance Tune

Allegro ♩. = 112

(*nasal tone*)

1. If you should go to Ab - er - deen, Ah, ...
2. The bright - est eyes will bright - er grow, Ah, ...

And see the sports up -
And cheeks will shine with

. . . . . You'll find it quite the prop - er thing, The
. . . . . A dance for peas - ant, knight or king, The

(*nasal tone*)

on the green, Ah, ... To
ros - y glow, Ah, ... Is

High - land Fling. . . For oh! it is a bon - nie dance, .

learn to dance the High - land Fling. Ah, ... You
Scot-land's mer - ry High - land Fling.

. . Ah, ah, ... To learn the lilt and

can't af - ford to miss the chance, Ah, ...

step and swing, The High - land Fling! . . .

. . . . . Of Scot - land's mer - ry High - land Fling!

The Grass-hopper

(Canon)

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Moderato ♩. = 72

1. There was a grass-hop-per, Proud young grasshop-per, Hopped to the riv - er one
2. Said this young grasshop-per, Fool - ish grass-hop - per, "I will hop o - ver the
3. So this young grasshop-per, Sil - ly grass-hop - per, Hopped, but fell in - to the
4. A word to all of you, Great and small of you: "Look be - fore leap-ing," is

1. There was a grass-hop-per, Proud young grass - hopper,
2. Said this young grasshop-per, Fool - ish grass - hopper,
3. So this young grasshop-per, Sil - ly grass - hopper,
4. A word to all of you: Great and small of you:

morn - - ing, A - lone by the riv - er - side.
riv - - - er, Right o - ver the riv - er wide!"
riv - - - er, Right in - to the riv - er wide!
saf - - - er, A fall of - ten fol - lows pride!

Hopped to the mead - ow one morn - - ing, a - lone.
"I will hop o - ver the riv - - - er so wide!"
Hopped, but fell in - to the riv - - - er so wide!
"Look be - fore leap - ing," is saf - - - er for pride!

Nobility

ALICE CARY — HECTOR SPAULDING

Allegretto (Count three in a measure) ♩. = 76

What - ev - er men do . . in their blind - ness . And in

spite of the fan - cies of youth, There's noth-ing so king - ly as

kind - ness, . And noth - ing so roy - al as truth. .

Follow the Leader

(Game Song)

Emily Lowell

Norwegian Folk Tune
Arr. by Victor N. Pierpont

Allegro moderato ♩. = 76

Play this morn-ing at "Fol-low the Lead-er," Fol-low me fast,

fol-low me slow, Fol-low me high, fol-low me low, Do as I do wher-

Melody

fol-low me slow, Do as I do wher-e'er I go, And fol-low me high,

Melody

e'er I go! Fast or slow.

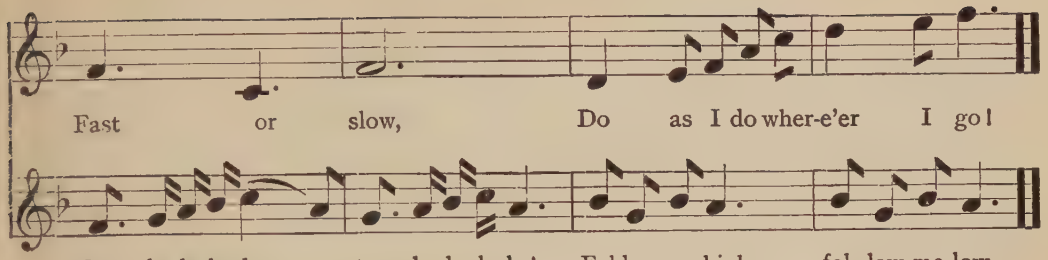
fol-low me low, Tra la la la la, ... tra la la la la.

Tra la la la la, . . . tra la la la la, all fol-low, come

Melody

High and low, ... Let us all fol-low, come

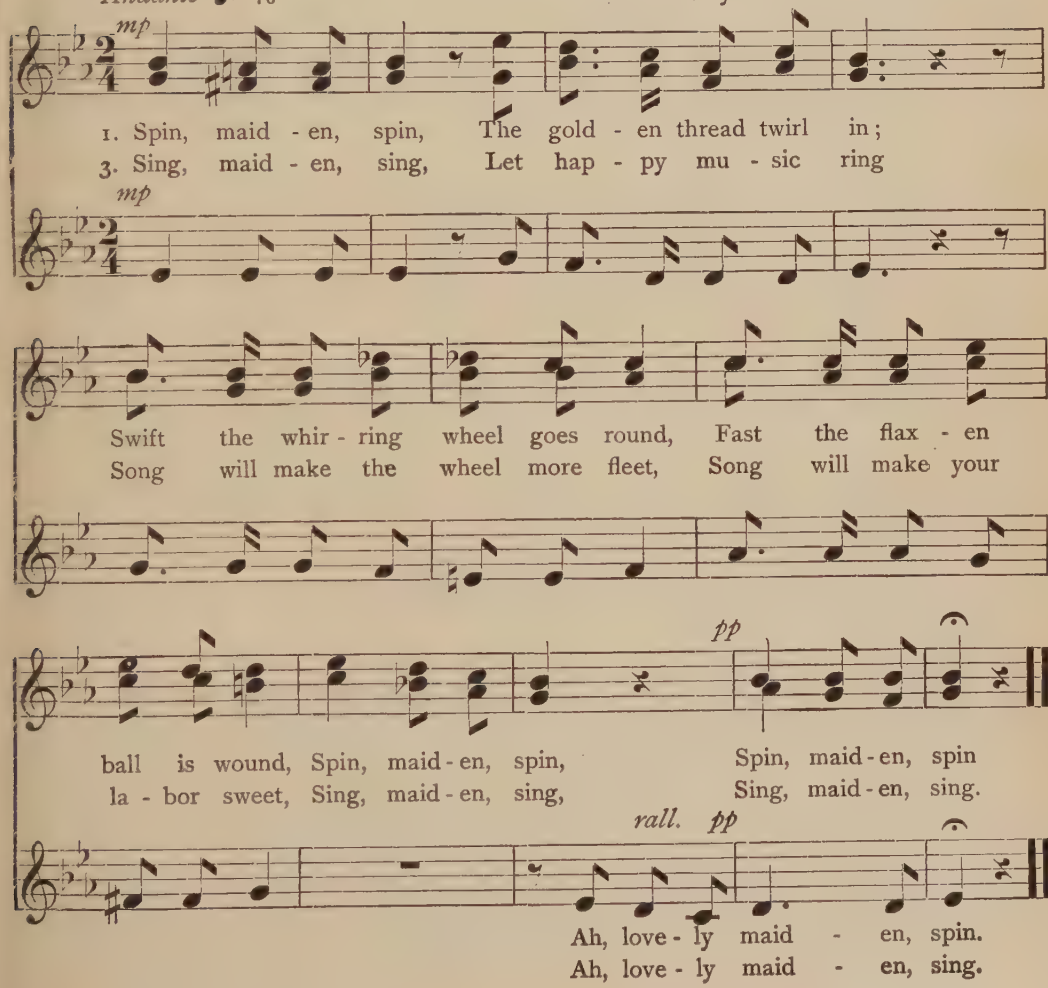
fol-low a-long, Fol-low the lead-er, all sing-ing a song.



At the Spinning Wheel

DAVID HARVEY
Andante ♩= 76

THOMAS FISCHER
Arr. by KENNETH DOUBLEDAY



The Gipsy's Life

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — FRANZ BEHR

Allegro ♩= 84

1. Deep in the shade of the wood-land trees, Cool in the dusk we will take our ease; La - bor is done, Now for the fun!
2. Off once a - gain when the dawn shows pale, Out on the wold lies the gip - sy trail; Shoul - der the pack, Yon - der the track,

Rol - lick - ing, frol - ick - ing folk are we! Smooth is the turf where we gai - ly dance, Soft is the moss when our feet ad - vance; Sor-rows de-part,
*Pat - ter - an, pat - ter - an, fol - low we! None may dis-pute where the gip - sy goes, Home is the place where the camp-fire glows; Short is the way,

Light is the heart, Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, one, two, three!
Hap - py the day, †Rom - a - ny, Rom - a - ny, proud and free!

* *Patteran: a sign, usually of grass or twigs, left on the road at intervals by gipsies to indicate their course to other gipsies.*
† *Romany: Gipsy.*

Morning Song

FR. HOGUE — PAUL LEROUX

Andantino ♩= 66

1. Shines o'er all morn's bright ray; God hath sent us one more day.
2. Sun and joy hold their sway; Night and dreams have flown a - way.
3. Work and win while ye may; God hath sent us one more day.

Romeo and Juliet

(To accompany the representation in tableau of the painting *Romeo and Juliet*.)

STUART PAUL — CHARLES GOUNOD (in *Romeo and Juliet*)

Andantino ♩ = 72 *p*

1. 'Tis a scene laid in old Ve ro - na,
2. 'Tis a tale fraught with faith un - bro - ken,

Ro - me - o, Ju - li - et; Hap - less pair, sev - ered by their kins - men,
Maid - en fair, youth for-lorn; Sad the theme, yet 'tis but a sto - ry

rall.

Mon - ta - gue, Cap - u - let.
(*Omit*. . . . . .) Told of days past and gone.

Singin' Johnny

Anon. — Old Sailor Chantey, Arr. 3 voices

Allegro ♩. = 88

1. They call me sing - in' John - ny; . Yo ho, . . yo ho, . .
2. They call me smil - in' John - ny; . Yo ho, . . yo ho, . .

O ho! . . . . . .

Be - cause my tunes are bon - ny, . . Yo ho, ho, ho! .
Be - cause my face is bon - ny, . . Yo ho, ho, ho! .

A Valentine

CHARLES HARVEY

Martinique Folk Tune
Counterpoint by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

mf Moderato ♩. = 52

1. Tap, tap, tap! Who's knock - ing there? 'Tis the
2. Break the seal, What does it say? 'Tis a

p

1. Some - one I hear knock - ing there, . . . The
2. O - pen it, what does it say? . . . A

p

post - man, ah, 'tis the post - man, O! . . . . . "Let me
se - cret, yes, 'tis a se - cret, O! . . . . . "Dear - est

(*Melody*)

post - man, yes, the post - man; . . "Let me in,
se - cret, yes, a se - cret, . . "Dear - est one,

in, for I bear One val - en - tine for you!" .
one, Love me, pray! My heart will e'er be true!" .

See what I bear: . . A val - en - tine for you!" .
Love me, I pray! . . My heart will e'er be true!" .

Tardy Gratitude

Anon.

(Three-part Canon)

GEORGE Y. HUME

I *Moderato* ♩ = 120 II III

Sev - en great Towns of Greece, 'tis said, Claimed Ho - mer's birth when

he was dead, Thro' which, a - live, he begged . . his bread.

A Cavalier Song*

(Round)

ROBERT BROWNING (abridged) — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Spiritoso ♩. = 84

Boot, sad-dle, to horse, and a - way! Res - cue my cas - tle be -

Boot, sad-dle, to

fore the hot day Bright - ens to blue from its sil - ver - y gray,

horse, and a - way! Res - cue my cas - tle be - fore the hot day

Boot, sad-dle, to horse, to horse, and a - way! . . A -

Bright - ens to blue from its sil - ver - y gray, Boot, sad-dle, to

way! . . . .

horse, to horse, and a - way! . . A - way! . . .

* *The singers must strictly follow their respective lines, observing the repeat marks as shown. The empty measures at the end of the upper part are to be disregarded by the singers.*

Ballad*

F. HEROLD in *Zampa*

Moderato ♩ = 92

* *The pupils may compete in writing words for this tune.*

The County Fair *

Czech Folk Tune

Adapted

Counter-melody by HAROLD V BROMLEY

Allegro ♩ = 132

1 2 *FINE*

Wel - come, right wel - come, we've room and to spare For you all!
En - ter, come en - ter, we've o - pened the (*Omit* . . . .) Fair!

(*Counter-melody*)

1 2

En - ter here, come, en - ter here! Wel - come to all! O the
day is clear, the way is clear, Hark to my (*Omit* . . . .) call!

See, ev - 'ry - thing a - mus - ing We
ride on the car - rou sel, Or your

Ev - 'ry - bo - dy come with his com - rades,
dance, hear them call - ing

1 2 *D.C.*

have here for your choos - ing, A
(*Omit* . . . . .) for tune we'll tell.

1 2

here's a day of joy, Mu - sic and
(*Omit* . . . . .) ev - e - ry girl and boy!

* *The whole tune should be sung first in unison, then with the counter-melody.*

Aspirations

RUSSELL M. DODGE

EUGÈNE d'ALBERT

Allegro ♩ = 80

1. A rose - bud in the gar - den With cheek of crim - son
2. A wave - let on the o - cean That tossed the live - long
3. A fire - fly of the wood - land That twink - led in the

hue, Once loved a low - ly vio - let, A sweet - ly fra - grant
night, Once loved a wan-d'ring moon - beam, A bright - as - sil - ver
dark, Once loved the star of eve - ning, The gold - en star of

vio let: A - las, . . a - las! . . how
moon - beam: A - las, . . a - las! . . a
eve - ning: A - las, . . a - las! . . that

much the rose - bud loved her The vio - let nev - er knew.
cloud came out of sky - land And hid the moon-beam white.
jew - elled orb re - splend - ent Ne'er saw the ti - ny spark.

Spirit of Summertime

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM — Irish Folk Tune
Allegretto ♩ = 96 — ARR. EDITH BATTELL

1. { O spir - it sweet of hap - py sum - mer - time, / Bring back a - gain the ros - es to the dells, } The swal-low from her
2. { Bring back the song, and bring the spic - y scent / Of mead-ow-lands at morn-ing's dew - y prime; } Oh, bring a - gain my

(*each time*) Re - turn! . . . . . Re -

far dis - tant clime, The hon - ey - bees from drow - sy nec - tar - cells.
heart's full con - tent, Thou spir - it sweet of hap - py sum - mer - time!
turn! . . . . . Re - turn! . . . . . .

All Through the Night

From the Welsh (Ar Hyd y Nos) DAVID OWEN

Andante amabile ♩= 88 Harmonized by EDITH BATTELL

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night;
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing All thro' the night;

Oh, sleep, my child, All thro' the night;
Fair moon keeps watch, All thro' the night;

Guard-ian an-gels God will send thee, All thro' the night;
While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing All thro' the night;

Sweet peace be thine, All thro' the night;
While sleeps the world, All thro' the night;

Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in
O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing, Vi-sions of de-

SOLO VOICE

Soft chime, ring
I my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing All thro' the night.
Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing All thro' the night.

slum-ber steep-ing, Sleep, my child, All thro' the night.
light re-veal-ing, Peace at-tend, All thro' the night.

out, Oh, sleep, my child, All thro' the night.
May peace at-tend All thro' the night.

A Pageant

EDITH BATTELL — GEORGES BIZET in *Carmen*

Marziale ma leggiero ♩ = 108

O - ver the span - gled field shines the light of a sum - mer morn,
Tan - ta - ra - ta! the proud bu - gles call to the joy - ous throng,
D.C. *Haste to the fes - tive scene while the dew o' the dawn is gay!*

*Sing at repeat and at D.C. only.**

Hark, now the bu - gles, Bright sil - ver bu - gles!
D.C. *Haste, join the pa - geant; Gay, splen - did pa - geant!*

FINE

Up to the lis - t'ning sky sounds of pa - geant - ry are - borne;
All are a - thrill with life that must tell its joy in (*Omit*) song.
Bide till the eve - ning hour brings a moon as bright as (Omit) day.

FINE

One and all o - bey, When they blow, Ta - ra - ta - ta - (*Omit*) tay!
Young, or old and gray, Take your part in the joy to - (Omit) day!

"Ho, ta la la!" the maid - ens sing, "Ho, ta la la!" the ech - oes ring,
Rub - dub - a - dub, the beat - ing drum, Timed to the pulse of all who come,

Sing at repeat only.

Come! Hear the sound of beat - ing drum, While the ech - o thun - ders

D.C.

Out of the air - y floats Pours a bright cas - cade of notes,
Leads to the way of mirth, Driv - ing shad - ows from the (*Omit*) earth.

D.C.

grum! And the fife and flute Are nev - er mute On a fes - tal (*Omit*) hol - i - day.

* *The two sections should learn their music separately, the bugle motive must always be subordinated to the prime melody.*

Swimming

CANON BROOKINGFORD — JAMES F. CALDWELL

Allegro grazioso ♩ = 100

Out from the shores we strike With
Swim - ming wher - e'er we like Thro'

grace - ful sweep,—
(*Omit* . . . . .) wa - ters deep.

The Woodsman

CANON BROOKINGFORD — VINCENT D'INDY

Moderato ♩. = 58

1. The good brown earth shall be my bed, (Ho, for the fra-grant pine-bough!)
2. The spic - y wind shall weave a dream (Ho, for the fra-grant pine-bough!)

Naught but star - light o - ver my head, Crick-ets for ser - e - nade.
Near my side a sil - ver - y stream Loi-ter-ing thro' the glade.

The Weather-Vane

KATHARINE WHITMORE — GERALD STANLEY

Allegro ♩ = 144

1. North winds blow, Look for snow! So says the weath-er-vane.
East winds roar, Rain will pour! So says the (*Omit* . .) weath-er-vane.
2. West wind's here, Skies will clear! So says the weath-er-vane.
South winds blow, Flow'rs will grow! So says the (*Omit* . .) weath-er-vane.

(*Each time*) Winds blow, winds blow,

Rovers

PAUL LEROUX — GERALD STANLEY

Moderato ♩= 72

Strong . . . . . we ply the oar; . . . . . A - cross the
There . . . . . with - in the shade . . . . . Our song shall

Pull on the oar, Pull on the oar,
Skim o'er the lake, Skim o'er the lake;

lake . . . . . There lies a cool, wood - ed shore.
wake . . . . . And e - cho glad thro' the glade.

Steer for the shore, Steer for the shore.
Mu - sic will wake, Mu - sic will wake.

The Beacon

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS — TERENCE DARRELL

Andante espress. ♩= 88

Be - fore the day sinks down to sleep Be - hind her cur-tains gray,

She lights a can-dle in the sky To show the night the way.

The Apple Tree

From the Norwegian of
BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON* by H. W. L.

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Moderato espressivo ♩ = 76

1. The leaf - buds of A - pril showed green thro' the brown; "Let me
2. The flow'rs woke to beau - ty in May's gold - en light; "Shall I
3. The tree bore its fruit - age, Ju - ly . kept her vow; Said a

touch them, I pray," said the frost, . steal - ing down;
waft them a - way?" said the wind . in the night;
maid, "May I feast on your ripe . boun - ty, now?"

"Nay, leave them to grow . Till fra - grant blos-soms un - fold!" Cried the
"Nay, spare them for fruit, . Ju - ly her har -vest shall reap!" Spoke the
"Share, maid- en, my gold, . 'Tis free for all who may pass!" Sang the

rall.

tree, as it trembled for fear, . for fear . . of the cold. .
tree, while its leaf-lets all sighed, all sighed . in their sleep. .
tree, as its branches hung low, . . hung low . . o'er the grass. .

* *Pronounced: Be-örn-stē-er'-ne Be-yörn'-son.*

The Hawker

Moderato ♩ = 66

†Old London Street Cry

1. Wa - ter- cress-es! Wa - ter-cress-es! Buy my nice wa - ter-cress-es! . .
2. Fresh horse-rad-ish! Fresh horse-rad-ish! Buy my nice fresh horse-rad- ish! . .

Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Buy! Who'll buy? . . .

† *It was an old London custom for pedlers (hawkers) to walk the streets crying their wares.*

The Real New Year

RALPH SUYDAM — STANISLAO GALLO

Allegro ♩ = 120

1. The New Year al - ways comes a - round in snow - time When
2. If Na - ture had the christ - en - ing of new years, The

out - of-doors is cold and drear; And so 'twould seem that really there is
cal - en- dar could be mis - laid; (It real - ly is com- par - a - tive - ly

no time Quite so poor to start a year. If
few years Since that book of dates was made.) The

on - ly we could wait un - til the spring - time, When
dy - ing Year could leave us on a gray day, But

all the world is bright with song, . The wing - time, . The fair - y
when the air was warm and clear,— Each May - Day— That hap - py

ring - time, . When gold - en days are long! . .
play - day, . Would start a glad New Year! . .

Prophets

EMILY LOWELL — SEUMAS O'FARRELL

Moderato ♩ = 80

Dew - y cob - webs thro' the mead - ows! 'Tis a sign the day'll be fine,
For the spi - ders can fore - tell things, When they spin, the sun will shine.

Laughter

DAVID STEVENS — VIKTOR PARMA

Con spirito ♩ = 100

1. There's laugh-ter in the sun-shine, There's laugh-ter in the rain, The
2. If . . you would be com-pan-ion To earth and sun and sky, To

mead-ows laugh when spring-time Brings dai-sies in her train; The
all the joy-ous crea-tures That walk and run and fly, To

brook-let chuc-kles gai-ly, And tum-bles down the hill, To join in rip-pling
brook and roll-ing riv-er, To mead-ow, heath and wood, Then you must laugh as

laugh-ter, The wheel, (O ho!) the wheel, (O ho!) that turns the mill.
they laugh, Be-cause, (O ho!) be-cause, (O ho!) the world is good!

The Approach of the Storm*

English by FRANCES DENSMORE — Chippewa Indian Song

Moderato ♩ = 84

1. Hark, from the half of the sky is heard a sound, Now I will
2. Lo! Thun-der bird! thou who liv-eth in the sky, See, I have
3. Now in the cloud we can see a flash of light, Far, far and

lay to - bac-co on the fire, Now the great Man-i-do makes a
laid to - bac-co on the fire, Let the smoke rise to thee in the
wide we hear a crash of sound, It is he, Thunder-bird, he has

sign warn-ing me of the storm; Thanks to thee, O Ma-ni-do.
sky where thy voice now is heard; Thanks to thee, O Ma-ni-do.
come in the might of the storm, Yet he keep-eth us from harm.

* *From Indian Action Songs by Frances Densmore. C. C. Birchard & Co.*

When the North Wind Blows

STEPHEN FAY — LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

Allegro moderato ♩= 138

1. When the wind from the north with a might - y roar Comes a - round in the night to your cot - tage door, He cries; ho! ho! And tries, ho! ho! The latch and lock With bois - t'rous knock And man - y a loud ho! ho! lock, And . . cries a loud ho! ho! ho! ho!
2. If the latch and the lock are a good stout pair, He will fly to the roof and the chim - ney there, And moan: hoo! hoo! And groan: hoo! hoo! And try his best To break your rest, With man - y a weird hoo! hoo! rest, And . . moans a weird hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo!
3. But the best he can do, if the chim - ney's sound, Is to puff and to blow all the ash - es round; He cries: ho! ho! And flies, ho! ho! And you are glad, While he is mad, In spite of his loud ho! ho! mad, For . . all his loud ho! ho! ho! ho!

He . . And . He . .

cries and tries The latch and . .
moans and groans To break your . .
cries and flies, You know he's . .

St. Paul's Steeple

Traditional — Old Chime Peal

Tempo giusto 𝅗𝅥 = 66 (*Count two in a measure*)

On St. Paul's stee - ple stands a tree, As full of ap - ples as can be;

Ding - dong! . . . . . Ding - dong! . . . . .

The lit - tle boys of Lon - don Town, They run with hooks to pull them down;

Ding - dong! . . . . . Ding - dong! . . . . . .

And then they run from hedge to hedge, Un - til they come to Lon - don Bridge.

Ding - dong! . . . . . Ding - dong! . . . . . Ding - dong!

The Hopak

Marian Grey — Modest Moussorgsky (abridged)

Con spirito ♩ = 100

1. Hoi! 'tis the swift Ho - pak; Let us trip it there and back.
2. Come join the gay Ho - pak! Nim - ble part - ner none may lack,

Brisk the meas - ure, . who could spurn it? Gold - en youth has
Man - y tunes, no . . doubt are . sweet - er, Mu - sic oft . . has

. time to learn it; Whirl it, twirl it, turn it! Hoi! Hoi!
grace com - plet - er, None we'd trip to fleet - er! Hoi! Hoi!

The Whispering Stream

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS — WALTER F. SCOLLARD

p Andantino ♩ = 112

All the long Au-gust aft-er-noon, The lit-tle drow-sy stream

Whis-pered a mel-an-chol-y tune, As if it dreamed of June, As

rall. e dim. *pp*

if it dreamed of June, And whispered in its dream, its dream, its dream.

Eight Bells*

TERENCE DARRELL
(In Chantey style)

Allegro moderato ♩ = 126

Ding, ding! Ding, ding! Ding, ding! Ding, ding!

(*Boatswain*)
Eight bells! Lively, star-board watch! Hustle out, my sleep-ing beau-ties!

* *A ship's bell sounds two taps for each hour of the watch, and one tap for the half hour. "Eight bells" is eight, twelve and four o'clock.*

After Sunset

George W. Pennington

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Lento ♩ = 52

pp

(*Soprano Melody*)

Glow - ing

mp Ghost-like,

Ah, ... ah, . . . ah, ... Ah, ...

pp

mp (*Alto melody*)

Ah, ...

1. Fair - est clouds of pur - ple hue are sail - ing,
2. Clear and soft the vil - lage bells are peal - ing,

where the sun - set fires are fail - ing, Far, re - mote,
slow, the shades of night are steal - ing, Gone the sun,

mf

. . ah, . . . sweet hour! Ah, . . . 'Mid wood-land
. . ah, . . . sweet hour! Ah, . . . The stars ap -

mp

Hark the note! *Ah,* . . .
Day is done, *Ah,* . . . *rall.*

pp

peace, . . So loth to cease! . . Ah, sweet, sweet hour!
pear, . . The moon is here. . . *rall.*

(*Alto melody*)

Ah, . . . Ah, . . . From love - lorn thrush-'s throat.
Ah, . . . Ah, . . . The tran - quil night be - gun.

The Shepherd's Pipe

L. van Beethoven

In the *Pastoral Symphony*

Allegretto ♩. = 92

Consequences

Old Rhyme — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegretto

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; / For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;

For want of the horse, the rid-er was lost; / For want of the rid-er, the battle was lost;

For want of a nail the shoe was lost; / For want of the shoe the horse was lost;

For want of the bat-tle, the King-dom was lost And all from the want of a

rall.

For want of the horse, the rid-er was lost; For want of the rid-er the

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; For want of the shoe, the

horse-shoe nail!

bat-tle was lost. A nail! horse-shoe nail! . .

horse was lost; And all from the want of a horse-shoe nail! .

Yuletide

English by MARIAN GREY (Round in 2, 3 or 4 parts) — French Carol Revised

I *Andante*

Flakes of snow, like feathers fall,

II

Roof and porch they thatch . in white.

III

Join the *waits, then one and all

IV

Car-ol a song to make Christmas bright.

** Waits: persons who, in ancient times, sang carols through the streets on Christmas eve. The custom is being revived in some sections of this country.*

The Clock

David Stevens — Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegretto ♩=144

mf

(*In strict time throughout*) 1. There was a man, there was a clock, It was a
2. For thir - ty years he wound that clock, Right on the

Tock, tick-tock, tick - tock,

clock that went tick - tock, And he wound it ev - 'ry night, And oh! it
stroke of ten, tick - tock, And he nev - er missed a night, Al - tho' he

tick - tock, tick-tock,

was a stir - ring sight To . see him wind it tight, To .
some-times wished he might. But . dread - ful to re - cite, He .

keep it go - ing right, When the clock struck ten, He would
was dumb - found - ed quite, When he learned one day, To his

right, exactly, When the clock struck ten,
quite, they tell us, When he learned one day,

The Clock

wind it then, And it was a use-ful clock That went tick-tock, It
sad dis-may, That it was an eight-day clock That went tick-tock, A-

tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-

was a ve-ry use-ful clock, a-tick-a-tock!
las! it was an eight-day clock, a-tick-a-tock!

tock, tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tock, tick-tock!

Flower Ghosts*

PAUL LEROUX
Allegro alla Valse ♩. = 63

CAMILLE SAINT-SÄENS
In *Danse Macabre*

mp

1. On snow-y nights when winds come forth From i-cy re-gions far up
2. I like to think each flake that blows Was once a pet-al on a

pp

The night-winds hie-ing, Snow-flakes fly-ing, Floating past, Dancing

north, I fan-cy then that ghosts of flow'rs Are dancing thro' the win-try bow'rs.
rose Or ap-ple-blos-som, whit-er now, That comes once more to greet the bough.

fast, Ev-er whirling, Ev-er swirling, Dancing light, . . Thro' the night.

* *This tune begins in D minor and ends in A major.*

The Birch Tree

(Arbor Day Song)

MAURICE TALBOT — FRANZ SCHUBERT

Moderato ♩= 84

1. The birch - en trees are clus - ter'd All green and sil - v'ry white, A
2. Be - neath the dap - pled shad - ows That flick - er here and there, A
3. No scene of sum - mer beau - ty But grows more love - ly still When

cool and leaf - y bow - er, A place of rare de - light. They
child may dream of fair - ies And cas - tles in the air. And
set with gleam - ing birch - es On wood - land road and hill. And -

bend to all the zeph - yrs That whis - per sweet and low, And
when the spell is bro - ken, And gone the el - fin band, The
when, on winds of win - ter, Their leaves have tak - en flight, A -

what the breez - es tell them, The trees a - lone may know.
dream - er 'neath the birch - es Is still in fair - y - land.
mid the snow - y si - lence, They (*Omit* . . . . . .)

stand all pure and white, They stand all pure and white.

Trees

JOYCE KILMER (abridged) — HENDRYK SCHUYLER

Allegretto ♩= 63

I think that I shall nev - er see A po - em love - ly as a tree.

A tree that looks at God all day, And lifts her leaf - y arms to pray.

Kindness to Animals

HAROLD V. BROMLEY — ASA T. HUNT

Andante ♩= 66

pp

(*Humming or with syllable Loo, always very softly*)

ALTO MELODY

mp

1. Show trust - ing beasts but kind - ness and love, . .
2. Birds bring us mu - sic, beau - ty and cheer, . .
3. Do as you may, your dog is your friend; .

Thus learn a pre - cept taught from a - bove.
Ne'er by your ac - tions cause . them to fear.
His love is faith - ful un - to the end.

Mushrooms

PAUL LEROUX — MODEST MOUSSORGSKY (abridged)

Vivace ♩= 104

*SEC. I — , SEC. II —

1. Let us rove the lanes to - geth - er, Now 'tis bright Sep - tem - ber weath-er.
2. Yes - ter - eve not one was grow - ing, Now a thous -and heads are show-ing.

SEC. I — , SEC. II — , SEC. I

Yon - der in the pas-ture land, o, Mushrooms grow on ev - 'ry hand, o. Who will
Mushrooms grow by mag- ic spell, o, Here's enough for ev - 'ry fel - low, Don't you

ALL

find the largest mushroom? Sure-ly all will try To have a bas-ket piled high.
dare to pick a red one! All you have to know Is where the poison ones grow.

* *Sections I and II alternate, at each comma, both singing the last four measures.*

Bobby Shafto

Mother Goose

Moderato ♩= 88 (*Two beats to a measure*)

Traditional Tune
Harmonized by GEORGE Y. HUME

p

1. Bob - by Shaf - to's gone to sea, Sil - ver buck - les on his knee;
2. Bob - by Shaf - to's young and fair, Wav - y is his gold - en hair;

pp

Come home! Come back home!

pp *mp*

He'll come back and mar - ry me, Dear Bob - by Shaf - to!
He's my love for - ev - er - more, Dear Bob - by Shaf - to!

Reflections

OLIVER ORDEN

Moderato ♩= 72

CHARLES HARVEY

mp *pp*

Snow - y clouds, bright a - gleam, Float on! . . . . . .
White clouds, ... *pp* Float on! . . . . . .

p *p* *mp*

White clouds, ... See them - selves in the stream,

mf *pp*

Thrush-es call in the glen, Sing on! . . . . . .
Birds call; . . . . . Sing on! . . . . . .

p *p* *pp* *mp*

Birds call, ... Ech - o sings their song a - gain.

Waiting

GEO. W. PENNINGTON — JAMES F. CALDWELL

Andante ♩ = 54

1. The win - ter, spring a-waits, The spring-time, June a-waits, Yet
2. The night for morn - ing waits, Bright morn the noon a-waits, And

soon the sum - mer flowr's lie dead; Tho' crim - son au - tumn-time
soon the stars their vi - gils keep; The sun must hide his face,

A - waits the win-ter's rime; All Na - ture looks with joy a - head.
And yield the moon his place, While all the world a - waits in sleep.

The First Green

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER — FRANK EDWARDS

Allegro moderato ♩ = 132

mp — *f* — *p* — *rall.*

Snows were melt - ing down the vale And Earth un-laced her i - cy mail, And
March his storm-y trum - pet blew; And ten-der green came peep - ing, peep- ing thro'.

A Night Voyage

KATHARINE WHITMORE (Barcarolle) Bahama Folk Tune
Arr. by ASA T. HUNT

Grazioso ♩. = 63

1. A - float, . . a - float . . We glide in a slum - ber boat, . . Wher -
2. A - drift, . . a - drift, . . But shades of the night will lift, . . When

A - float, . . a - float, . . . We sail, . .
A - drift, . . a - drift, . . . At morn, .

ev - er we sail, Fair dreams we'll find, And leave the day be - hind. . .
dawn is a - wake, Our jour - ney o'er, We greet the day once more. . .

. . we sail, ...
. . at morn . . . . . .

Two Precepts

WILTON PERKINS Italian Melody
Counterpoint by WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Moderato ♪ = 152

1. Here's a lit - tle line to keep in mind day by day:
"Where there is a will, there's al - ways a (*Omit* . . . .) way."
2. Here's an - oth - er line, that some may think bet - ter still:
Say it ev - 'ry day: "I can and I (*Omit* . . . .) *will!*"

1. Here's a line to keep in mind day by day:
"Where there is a will, there's a (*Omit* . . .) way."
2. Al - so this, that some may think bet - ter still;
Al - ways say: "I can and I (*Omit* . . .) *will!*"

Hail and Farewell

George W. Pennington (Aloha)* Hawaiian Folk Tune
Arr. by George Y. Hume

mp Allegretto ♩. = 58

1. The blue Pa - cif - ic O - cean . In con - stant ca-denced mo - tion,
2. The men and maid - ens danc - ing . . Up - on that strand en - tranc - ing,

pp

(*Lower voices optional*) A - lo - - - ha! . . .

To shores of fair Ha - wa - ii . . Its joy - ful greet - ing brings.
All sing a song of pleas - ure . . That soars on fan - cy's wings.

pp

A - lo - - - ha! .

* *In the Hawaiian language, a word of greeting and farewell.*

Evolution

Bertha Remick Bertha Remick

Allegretto ♩. = 76

1. Hey! O wolf of the long a - go Who lurked in the
2. Hey! O man of the long a - go, That spir - it was
*3. Hey! Good dog of the hearth and home, You're faith - ful in

wil - der - ness old! . . You were king of your pack Un - til
tamed in the end, . . And the wolf - na - ture changed As the
sor - row or joy, . . You are read - y each day To do

rit.

man drove you back, For a man was more craft - y and bold. .
cen - tu - ries ranged, Till a dog, he be - came your best friend.
work or to play, Hap - py com - rade of girl and of boy!

* *Sing the 3d stanza in D major, signature of two sharps.*

The Mill

KATHARINE WHITMORE

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegro ♪. = 132

1. Bus - y hands at the work Nev - er cease, nev - er
D.C. 3. Mer-ry minds for the task Bring the skill we would

1. Weav - ing the wool Deft shut - tles pull,
D.C. 3. Here, row on, row, Use - ful things grow;

shirk; Pat-terns bright o'er the loom ad-vance While shut-tles nim - bly
ask; La- bor's fruit like a har- vest grows, Un - til the whis - tle

Forth and then back, Tuned with click - clack.
Time as it flies Leaves a fair prize.

FINE

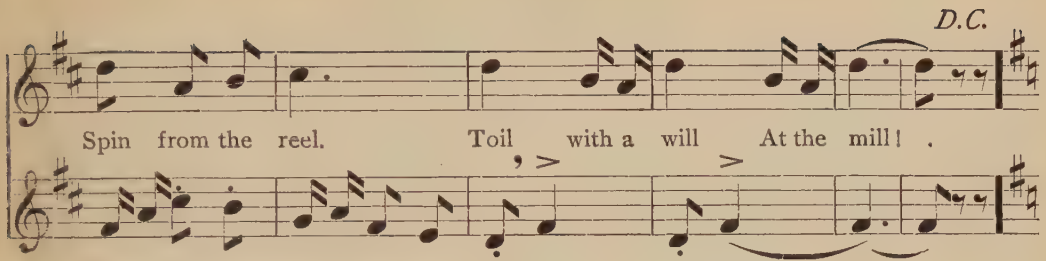
dance. Ah, sing ho! . . . . . Wheels turn-ing round
blows. Ah, sing ho! . . . . . .

Toil with a will At the mill! . Mer-ry maids at the

Scarce make a sound; Fin - gers of steel

ploy* Find a - chieve-ment a joy. Smil-ing on thro' the

* *Used here as occupation*

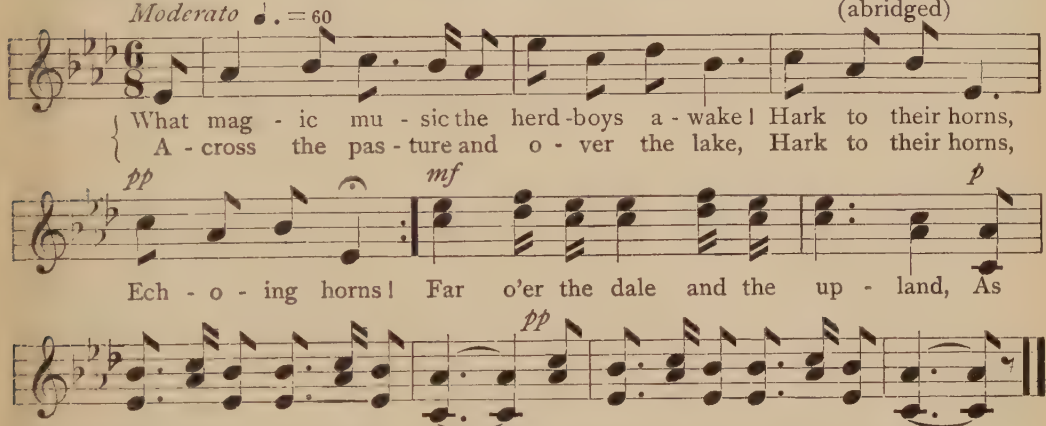


Swiss Cattle Call

DON MAITLAND

Moderato ♩. = 60

*Ranz des Vaches** (abridged)



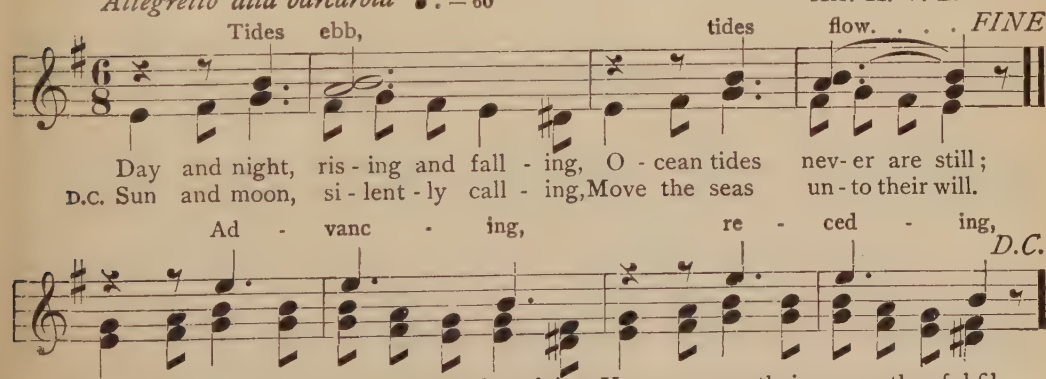
* *Alpine Herdsmen's music.*

The Tides

HAROLD V. BROMLEY

Allegretto alla barcarola ♩. = 60

Basque Folk Tune
Arr. H. V. B.



Spring's Apology

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS (Canon) ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Allegretto ♩. = 69

mf *mp*

1. The spring called out, "Hey - ho! . . . . I fear you thought I'd
"The woods were blocked with snow, . . . The lakes were locked, the
2. "To - day I heard a song, . . . By that I knew the
"At last I'm home once more! . . . My bas - ket's filled with

mf *mp*

1. The spring called out, "Hey - ho! . . . . You
"The woods were block'd with snow, . . . The
2. "To - day I heard a song, . . . The
"At last I'm home once more, . . . With

p

nev - er come But I was forc'd to wait till win - ter-time would go. .
brooks were dumb; Un-til they all were freed, I could not come, you know.
birds were here, And on their wings they'd bear me back where I be - long.
sweet o'the year; 'Twill glad the hour till June flings ro - ses at your door."

p

tho't I'd nev - er come; I had to wait till win - ter-time would go. .
brooks were dumb; Un-til they all were freed, I could not come, you know.
birds were here; I knew their wings would bear me back where I be - long.
sweet o'the year; 'Twill glad the hour till June flings ros- es at your door."

A Spring Song

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegretto moderato ♩ = 76

Now hap- pi- ness is in the air, And joy is in the blood, And

glad - ness ris - es ev - 'ry- where From val - ley and from wood. The

swal-lows come from dis - tant lands A - cross the dy - ing snow; The

bees a - mong the wil- low wands With dron - ing mu - sic go. Now

spring is in the bird-ling's throats, And 'mid the waiting fields and trees There

rall. *a tempo*

gush - es forth a gold- en stream of notes In joy - ous mel- o - dies.

Brook Music

EDITH BATTELL B. HAROLD HAMBLIN

Allegretto ♩ = 80

pp

1. Flow - ing, flow - ing ev - 'ry day, Wheth- er skies are blue or gray,
2. Flow - ing, thro' the morn- ing bright, Flow- ing thro' the star - ry night,

mp (*Melody*)

1. Flow, flow, flow Where the wild - flow'rs grow; The
2. Flow, flow, flow As the sweet winds blow; The

mf

(*Melody*)

Song leaps forth where the cool wa - ters play.
Hark, that song like a heart ev - er light!

brook - let sings a mer - ry song All day long.
brook - let croons a dream - land song All night long.

Sweet Potatoes

English by H. W. L.

Creole Folk Tune
Arr. by Hector Spaulding

Allegro ♩ = 92

1. Soon ez we - all cook swee' pe-ta - tehs, swee' pe - ta - tehs, swee' pe-ta - tehs,
2. Soon ez sup-peh's et, Mammy hol - lehs, Mam-my hol-lehs, Mammy hol-lehs,
3. Soon's we tech our haids to de peel - lo, to de peel - lo, to de peel - lo,
4. Soon's de roos-ter crow in de mo'hnin', in de mo'hnin', in de mo'hnin',

Roo, roo, roo, roo, hoo, hoo, Sing ho - ke-dink-um!

Soon ez we - all cook swee' pe - ta - tehs, Eat em right straight up!
Soon ez sup-peh's et, Mammy hol - lehs, "Git a-long to baid!"
Soon's we tech our haids to de peel - lo, Go to sleep right smart!
Soon's de roos-ter crow in de mo'h - nin', Got - ta wash our face!

Roo, roo, roo, roo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!

The Fountain

James Russell Lowell

Paul Leroux

Allegretto ♩. = 60

1. In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light, . . .
2. In - to the moon - light, Whit - er than snow, . . .
3. In - to the star - light, Rush - ing in spray, . .

Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn . . till night!
Wav - ing so flow - er - like, When the winds blow!
Hap - py by mid - night, . Hap - py by day!

A Lesson from the Desert

DAVID HARVEY

CÉSAR CUI
From *Orientale*

Allegretto ♩. = 60

1. Far a - way in the des - ert With the burn - ing sky . a -
O'er the sands of Sa - ha - ra They must toil thro' burn - ing
2. Kneel, ye faith - ful, at dawn - ing, Take the bur - den God . im -
O'er the sands of thy des - ert, With the burn - ing sky . a -

bove them, . Pa - tient cam - els a - wait their bur - dens, .
sun - light . . Till their mas - ter re - move their bur . dens, .
pos - eth, . . Bear it calm - ly with love and pa - tience, .
bove thee, . Till at night, as thou kneelst be - fore Him, .

1 2

Do - cile they kneel to be la - den. .
Thus once a - gain they will (*Omit* . . . . .) kneel. .
God hath not lad - en thee vain - ly. .
He will thy bur - der re - (*Omit* . . . . .) move. .

The Three Kings

STEPHEN FAY

Marziale ♩ = 112

(Round)

Provençal Folk Tune
(Used in BIZET'S *L'Arlésienne*)

I II

1. Once three kings . up - on the break of day Came proud - ly
as they rode . . I marked the ar - mour bright That shone like
2. As they came, . of cour - tiers rode a score, With pre - cious
des - ert then . . as on they took their way, There beamed a

1 2

rid - ing with a train in brave ar - ray, And
sil - ver in the (*Omit* . . . . .) ear - ly light.
of - fer - ings in gold - en store; And o'er the
star . . that was (*Omit* . . . . .) bright as day.

The Lark

ROSAMOND BROOKS

GEORGE W. CHADWICK
arr. from four parts

Andantino ♩ = 80

1. In mist-y gray the night is slow-ly drift-ing, . . And pale as
2. A sud-den sound, a whirr of wings up-soar-ing, . . From mead-ow
3. It is the lark, the mes-sen-ger of glad-ness, . . Who with his

slum-b'ring thought . ap-pears the day; . . . A ten-der
grass-es green, . to eth-er free; . . . A burst of
song sa-lutes . . the dawn-ing day; . . . Whose morn-ing

light o'er all the world is lift-ing, . . Mys-te-rious
song in sil-ver tor-rent pour-ing, . . From heav-en
tune was nev-er made in sad-ness, . . Whose air-y

sign than dawn is on the way. A sol-emn hush the por-tent of the
falls, a flood of mel-o-dy. A ti-ny speck, high poised in az-ure
flight was nev-er aught but gay. And all who hear that sil-ver flood of

hour . . . . Holds land and sea with-in its mag-ic pow'r. .
space, . . . He flies to greet the morn-ing face to face. . .
song, . . . Will feel its joy and hope the whole day long. . .

Theme

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
in the *Seventh Symphony*

Vivace ♩. = 104

p

My Boat

From the original — Hawaiian Folk Song

Moderato ♩ = 92

1. Up - on the shore my boat is wait - ing . To sail a - way far
2. To dis - tant lands we'll go a - sail - ing . A - cross the bright blue

o - ver the o - cean, . With all her white wings spread she's wait - ing .
waves of the o - cean, . Then home a - gain we'll come a - sail - ing .

. . . . To sail a - way far o - ver the sea. . . . We'll go a -
. . . . A - cross the bright blue waves of the sea. . . . We'll go a -

Yo ho! . . . . . .

sail - ing, . . we'll go a - sail - ing, . . We'll go a - sail - ing

. . . . . We'll sail a - way, ... we'll sail a - way. . . . . .

1 2

o - ver the o - cean, . We'll go a o - ver the sea. . . . .

Yo ho! . . . . Yo ho, yo ho!

Daybreak in the Alps

ABEL HORNE

Bavarian Folk Tune

Moderato ♩= 69

1. See! the morn-ing light On the moun-tains height, Far a-cross the
Shad-ows swift-ly fly, Pal-er grows the sky, Snow-y peaks are
2. Hear the mat-in bells, How their mu-sic swells! Float-ing sweet-ly
Breez-es soft-ly blow, Brook-lets mur-mur low: "Night has gone and

world its shaft has sped; Far be-low the qui-et val-ley lies,
turn-ing ros-y red. Now the herds-man's mel-low roun-de-lay
o-ver hill and plain;
day has come a-gain."

Soon to wake and rub its sleep-y eyes; Birds, in hap-py throng,
Wakes the ech-oes near and far a-way; Up the path-way steep

Sing a joy-ous song: "Day will soon be here, so come! a-rise!"
Come the stur-dy sheep, Bright has dawn'd an-oth-er hap-py day.

The Cradle on the Bough

HENDRYK SCHUYLER

Omaha Indian Tune

Tranquillo ♩. = 42

Stars are light-ing the sky-land now, Cra-dle hangs up-on the spic-y

Fine *rall.* *a tempo*

pine-tree bough; 'Mid murm'ring mild, O slum-ber, my child, Soon the morn-ing will

rall. *D.C.*

smile at you, Blos-soms then will o-pen their petals sweet with dew, sweet with dew.

The Magic Disc

JOHN CUTLER ALVORD
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Moderato ♩ = 96

pp *Lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten,* (*2d Sop.*) *lis - ten,*

1. Here in the dusk by the fire's rud - dy em - ber,
2. Far, far a - way are the voic - es that gave it,

mp

dream comes a ca - dence, low it is sigh - ing;
wake once a - gain, as larks heav'n-ward fly - ing.

(*2d Sop. and Alto*) *Out of dream - land, ev - er sigh - ing,*

pp *Ech - oed, ech - oed, ech - oed,* (*2d Sop.,*) *ech - oed,*

Sweet as the thrill of a joy we re - mem - ber
Now ev - er - more like a pearl we may save it,

mp

steals on the air a tune that we love;
spell as of moon - light shed from a - bove.

(*2d Sop. and Alto*) *Like a bell - tone, bell - tone soft.*

Like a
mp Still they

Soft - ly
With its
mp

Dance of the Elves

Old English (adapted) — (Adapted) Asa T. Hunt

Allegro e leggiero ♩ = 144

p

1. Rust - ling, whirl - ing sound sweeps by Like
2. Left and right, by moon's white light, Wave

(*Sing as written, or whistle in high register*)

f

La, fa la la, sing a der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down,

leaves on an au - tumn breeze, Tho' since
flags as the mon - arch comes; In the

La, fa la la la, with a der - ry, der - ry down!

sun - set fled, com - ing scarce a sigh To
Elf - in ring is the Elf - in King, Dom,

La, fa la la, sing a fa la la la der - ry, der - ry

stir the slum - b'ring trees. . . . . And a
dom, go Elf - in drums. . . . . With the

down, sing a fa la la la der - ry, der - ry down! It is

troop came forth from the moon - lit bow'r, Such a
glow - worm's gem as his di - a - dem, For this

ho hil - ly ho, hil - ly ho, hil - ly ho, With a

mist - like mo - tion on, ... That you
fes - tal pa - geant's pride, ... And the

hey sing a fa la la la der - ry, der - ry down! It is

may not find an - y in - jured flow'r When the
bee - tle looms thro' the haw - thorn blooms, While there's

ho hil - ly ho, hil - ly ho, hil - ly ho, With a

non rit.

cour - sers' hoofs have . gone. . . . . .
mu - sic far and . wide. . . . . .

hey sing a fa la la la der - ry, der - ry down!

The Happy Shepherd

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — Bohemian Folk Tune

Allegro grazioso ♩. = 52

mp

1. High on the mountain the sheep-bells tin - kle, Twi-light draws near;
   Down in the val - ley the home-lights twin - kle, Friend-ly and clear
2. When love - ly hues in the east are show - ing, Pal - ing the star,
   O - ver the hill-side the winds are blow - ing, Fresh from a - far.

All the night, . Sil - ver white, .
Safe I'll keep . Lambs and (*Omit*) sheep. Un - der the
Ah! 'tis sweet . Day to greet, .
Up on high, . Near the (*Omit*) sky! Then on the

moon with my flock a - round me, Hap - py I rest.
heath - er I stand, all rap - ture, Joy in my breast!

My Treasure

DAVID HARVEY — EDVARD GRIEG (Abridged)

Alla barcarola ♩. = 54 (*Count three*)

1. I sail'd and I sail'd the Sev - en Seas, . To seek . for a treas-ure a -
2. And when I had sail'd the Sev - en Seas, . And learn'd that good fortune is

far; . . . My ship bore brave - ly on thro' storm and shine, My
rare, . . . I trimm'd my sails and steer'd for home a - gain, And

com - pass the sun or a star. . found that my treas-ure was there. .

A Night in June

DON MAITLAND

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN
in *Fantasie Impromptu*

Lento ♩ = 72

1. { Slow thro' the sil - ver moon - light, grace - ful glides our ca - noe; Soft . .
Bright, ev - 'ry ra-diant star - eye, shin - ing out thro' the blue, Peers . .

D.C. *eve, Mag-ic hour of June - tide! Pause, O, time in your flight! Here,*

mu - sic of the night - in - gale steals forth . . on the fra - grant air;
down up - on the lim - pid lake and (*Omit* . . . . .)
lin - g'ring 'neath the charm-ed spell, we (*Omit* . . . . .)

(*divide*) *FINE*

views . . its re - flec - tion there. . 2. June, sis - ter month to
sing . . to the Queen of Night. . 3. Flow'rs dream be - neath the

D.C. al Fine

rall.

May! Win - ter may have his day, Now he's far a - way. Sweet sum-mer
moon Gleam-ing a - bove the dune, While the breez-es croon. Sweet sum-mer

Dream Music

HENDRYK SCHUYLER

Greek Folk Tune
Arr. by H. W. L.

Allegretto ♩ = 69 (*Upper voices divided*)

Dream thou, dream thou; Stars on high their watch are keeping.
Slum-ber on . till thou art rest-ed.
Grant thy dreams may all come true, dear.

(*Melody*) (*Lower voices divided*)

1. Dream, fair child, . the flow'rs are sleep-ing, Dream thou, dream thou.
2. Dream, fair child, . the birds are nest-ed, Dream thou, dream thou.
3. Dream, fair child, . till morn is new, dear, Dream thou, dream thou.

Music Eternal

G. S. Dubois — Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegretto ♩=112

Sweet song, sweet song,

1. Mu - sic dwells in mead - ows, Mu - sic dwells in wood - lands,
2. Mu - sic dwells in sky - land, Mu - sic dwells in o - cean,

Bright morn . .
Soft song . .

Morn - ing, when the stars grow pale, Wakes with song.
Na - ture croons her lull - a - by All night long.

Crim - - son morn a - wakes with . song.
Na - - ture croons the whole night . long.

(*Optional extension*)

Sweet song, sweet song,

3. Mu - sic comes from heav - en, Mu - sic is e - ter - nal,

Sweet song, sweet song,

Makes all . . . glad and strong.

Mu - sic makes the hu - man heart Glad . and . strong.

Makes the heart . . . . Glad . and . strong.

The Hour Glass

George W. Pennington

Piotor I. Tchaikovsky
From *String Quartet in D minor*, arr. H. S.

Andante cantabile ♩= 66

mp

Sands of time. *FINE*

{ Swift thro' the glass, flow-ing down-ward Sands of Time take their si - lent way; }
{ Sure as the pulse of the heart beat Mo-ments fleet, Na-ture's laws o - bey. }

D.C. *Strive that the sands in the hour-glass Flow with glad mu - sic day by day!*

mf (*Melody*)

Flow . . . . . *D.C.*

Each grain of sand tells a sto - ry, . True, be it grave or gay.

mf *p*

Time speeds on - ward, . Time speeds on.

f

The Caravan

Stuart Paul

Syrian Folk Tune
Counter-melody by Robert Z. Graham

Marcato ♩= 69

1. Tramp, tramp, heav - y go the cam- els, Tramp, tramp, cam - els heav - y - lad - en,
2. Tramp, tramp, dust - y are the cam- els, Tramp, tramp, pa-tient of their bur- dens,

(*Counter-melody with 2d stanza only.*)

Tramp, tramp, dust - y are the cam- els, The pa - tient cam - els,

Swing- ing, sway - ing, On the road to Bag- dad, Heav- y goes the car - a - van.
Swing- ing, sway - ing, On the road to Bag- dad, Heav- y goes the car - a - van.

Swing-ing, sway - ing, On the road to Bag- dad Goes the car - a - van.

The School Orchestra

JOHN V. NAUGHTON — French Folk Tune

Allegro ♩. = 92

1. Oh, play the flute of sil - ver, With ploo ploo ploo, with
2. The bu - gle must be call - ing With too too too, with
3. The vi - o - lin must wake now With zee zee zee, with

Brum, brum, brum, brum,

ploo ploo ploo, Oh, play the flute of sil - ver And
too too too, The bu - gle must be call - ing, The
zee zee zee, The vi - o - lin must wake now; Each

brum, Brum, brum,

beat the sound - ing drum; We'll make the mu - sic come.
clar - i - net will sound As tunes re - ech - o round.
in - stru-ment in tune, We'll match the birds of June.

Rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dum, Oh, rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dum!

November

HENDRYK SCHUYLER — Greek Folk Tune* (abridged)

Andante ♩ = 80

1. The flow'rs are dead And the birds are fled, For No-vem - ber's face is
2. We yearn and long For the wood-land song That we heard thro' flow - 'ry

rall.

seen in the sky, And the au - tumn winds on - ly sigh.
June and Ju - ly, But the au - tumn winds on - ly sigh.

* *This tune is in A minor, tho' it ends in the dominant, a characteristic of many Oriental melodies.*

Wedding Postponed!

Abridged version — Kentucky Mountains Folk Song*

f Allegro con brio ♩ = 100 — *p*

1. Frog went court-ing, he did ride, Sword and buck-ler by his side; Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam-bo.
2. To the La-dy Mouse said he: Will you please to mar-ry me? Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam-bo.
3. Who will make the wed-ding gown? Old Miss Rat from Pump-kin Town. Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam-bo.
4. Next ar-riv-ing big Tom Cat, Good-bye Frog and Mouse and Rat! Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam-bo.

f REFRAIN — *mp*

Kim-an-i-ro, Down to Cai-ro, Kim-an-i-ro, Cai-ro; Strad-a-lad-da-

molto cresc. — *pp*

lad-da-bod-dy, lad-da-bod-dy-link-tum, Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam-bo.

* "*Lonesome Tunes*," *The H. W. Gray Co.*

The Contented Camel*

David Stevens — Francis Ames

Allegretto ♩ = 88

1. Oh, far a-way in E-gypt land A cam-el dwelt con-tent-ed; He did-n't mind the des-ert sand That stretched for miles on ev-'ry hand, "Because," said he, "I un-der-stand It can-not be pre-vent-ed."
2. "It's dry of course, of rain there's none, You nev-er see a street wet; But I have yet to see the fun In clouds that hide the ge-nial sun, And as for rain, well I for one, Don't like to get my feet wet!"
3. "There is-n't much so-ci-e-ty, The place is un-fre-quent-ed; But that is all the same to me, From so-cial du-ties I am free, And while I have my health," said he, "I'm bound to be con-tent-ed!"

* *Courtesy of Youth's Companion.*

Spring and Youth

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW — Polish Dance Tune

Allegro moderato ♩ = 69

1. The sun is bright, the air is clear, The dart - ing swal-lows soar and sing,
3. All things re - joice in youth and love, The full - ness of their first de-light,

And from the state - ly elms I hear The blue-birds proph-e - sy - ing spring.
And learn from the soft heav'n a-bove The melt - ing ten - der - ness of night.

2. So blue yon wind-ing riv - er flows, It seems an out - let from the sky;
4. Ye maids that read this sim - ple rhyme, En - joy thy youth, it will not stay,

Where, wait - ing till the west-wind blows, The fright-ened clouds at an-chor lie.
En - joy the fra-grance of thy prime, For O, it is not al-ways May!

Northern Lights *

(Canon in the 2d above)

EMILY LOWELL — HECTOR SPAULDING

Allegretto ♩. = 69

1. Paint - ed on north - ern skies . . . . . Hangs a
2. Mag - i - cal, lam - bent hues . . . . . With a

1. Paint - ed on north - ern
2. Mag - i - cal lam - bent

* *The Aurora borealis.*

pic - ture with which the rain - bow vies: Out of the po - lar
mar - vel - lous light the skies suf - fuse, O - pal - ine shafts of

skies . . . . Hangs a pic - ture with which no rain - bow vies:
hues . . . . With a mar - vel - lous light the skies suf - fuse,

night . . . . . Leaps a glo - ry gold and rose and white.
fire. . . . . From the frost - y realm to heav'n as - pire.

Out of the po - lar night . . . Leaps a glow of white.
O - pal - ine shafts of fire . . . . Un - to heav'n as - pire.

Mother Earth

C. H. F. CHARLES H. FAIRFAX

p Moderato ♩ = 80

1. Moth - er Earth, Moth - er Earth holds a prom - ise in her heart, 'Tis a
2. Moth - er Earth, Moth - er Earth hides a se - cret 'neath the snow, 'Twill be

f *rall.*

vow she will keep when the A - pril birds north-ward start.
told in a song when ar - bu - tus flow'rs bud and blow.

The Village Dance

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

Hungarian Dance Tune
Counterpoint by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Gaily, the 2nd verse in quieter mood ♩ = 120

1. The lan-terns gleam, the yel - low flames leap and play, From vi - brant
2. Up - on the field of win-ter's white coun -try- side, The moon-light

1. Lan - terns gleam, the bright flames leap and play, Wild and
2. Here up - on De - cem - ber's coun -try - side, Lu na's

f

strings wild mu - sic pours out; The raft - ers ring, as
falls in ra - di - ant sheen; The dan - cers tire, so
D.S. *A - way with care! the*

vi - brant mu - sic pours out; And the raft - - ers ring as
rays are cast - ing a sheen; And the danc - ers wea - ry
D.S. *way with care! the*

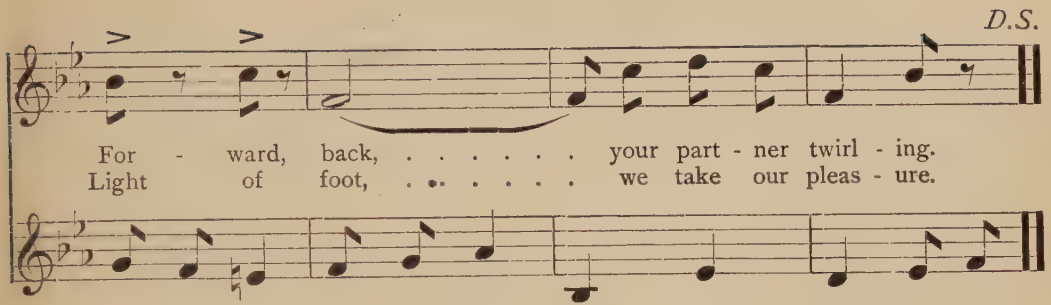
Fine

for-ward come dan- cers gay, In mo - tion swift they cir - cle a - bout.
o - pen fling case-ment wide, Let in the night in beau - ty se - rene.
mer - ry heart light - er springs, While o - ver all the cim - ba - lom rings.

throng the dan- cers gay, Mov ing swift they cir - cle a - bout.
fling the case-ment wide, View the night in beau - ty se - rene.
glad nearts light - er bound, All is fair, joy ech - oes a - round.

Round and round, ... in diz - zy whirl - ing,
Then once more, ... in fes - tive meas - ure,

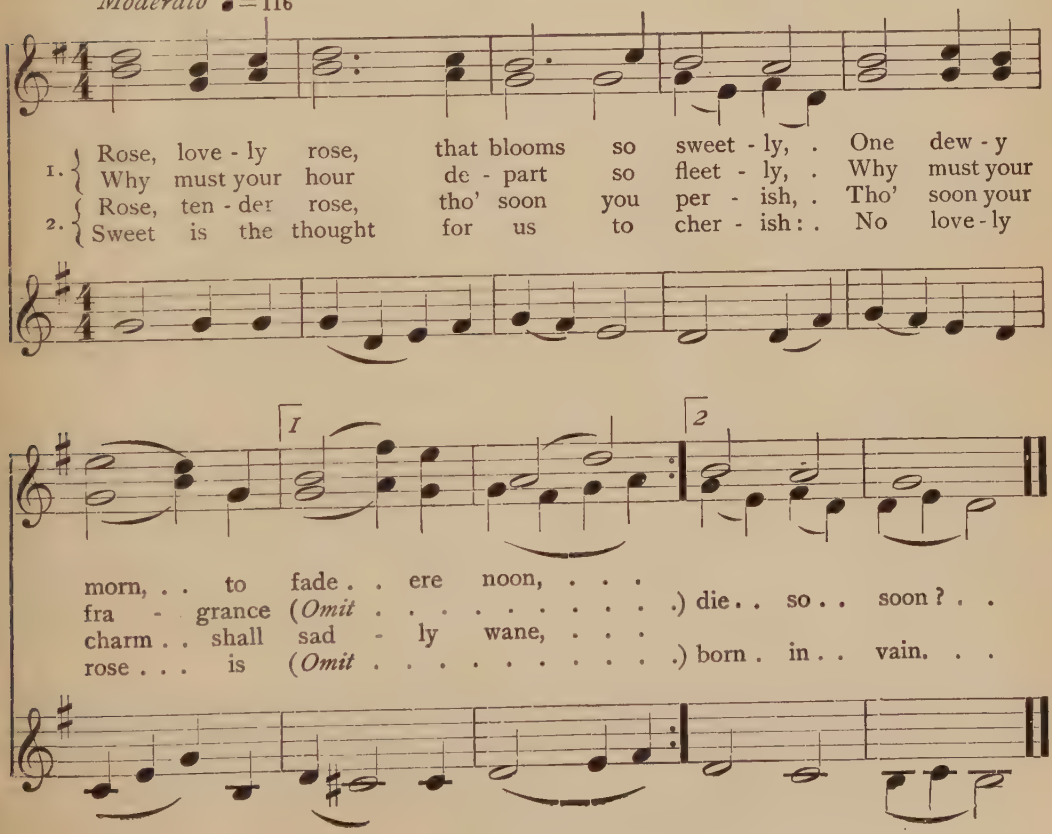
To the fid - dle's gay rol - lick - ing, Light - ly whirl, To the
As the cim - ba - lom tin - kles clear, O'er and o'er, Vil-lage



To a Rose

DAVID STEVENS — LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

Moderato ♩ = 116



The Two Roads *

Danish Folk Tune

SIDNEY ROWE

Counterpoint by WALTER F. SCOLLARD

(a) *Con spirito* ♩= 92

Com - rades, Come a - way! We will take this road to the woods to-day.

(b)

Comrades, come a-way! We'll choose our own di - rec-tion, What

For - - ward! right's the guide, Nev - er mind the ones on the

ev - er they may do or say Up - on the oth - er

oth - er side, We'll keep our way. March

side. We will tra - vel right a - long And sing a lit - tle song, In

straight a - head with - out de - lay, And reach at

spite of all ob - jec - tion, We will fol - low on our way with -

last the goal as soon as they.

out de - lay, And come to the end as soon as they.

* *The class may be divided into two sections, Section A sings (a) alone; Section B then sings (b) alone. Then both sections sing their respective music together.*

The Peddler

STEPHEN FAY

E. DE LEVA
Arr. by WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Allegro moderato ♩ = 112

1. I trav - el up and down the wide cre - a - tion, A ped - dler known to all the pop - u - la - tion; I car - ry in my pack a fine col - lec - tion, You are wel - come to com - pare and make se - lec - tion, All my wares are o - pen to in - spec - tion.

2. I'm hap - py as the bee that makes the hon - ey, For I can some - times make a lit - tle mon - ey; I al - ways give good weight and heap - ing meas - ure, For I find that hon - est deal - ing is a pleas - ure, And a right good name is worth a treas - ure.

Who'll buy? . . . . . .

rall. . . . Oh, I have knick-knacks brought a-cross the o - ceans, And I have lac - es, bric - a - brac and no - tions, And I have per-fumes, pat-ent pins and po-tions, Who'll spend his pen-ny here, who'll buy? . .

Who'll buy? . . . . . .

Who'll buy? . . . . . .

Sabbath Bells

ABEL HORNE

Old Tune
Arr. by FRANCIS AMES

Moderato 𝅗𝅥 = 63

(*Morning*) Ho - ly Sab-bath, hap - py morn-ing, Joy - ful are the bells we hear,
(*Evening*) Day and all its joys are end - ing, Soft - ly falls the veil of night;

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.

Sweet - ly call - ing, gent - ly call - ing, Sound their voic - es clear.
Now the sum - mer moon as - cend - ing, Sheds her sil - ver light.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.

Sweet - ly sounding thro' the trees, And float - ing on the qui - et air,
Sweet the mys - tic sounds of eve - ning Fall up - on the still-ness here,

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.

Comes the dear, fa - mil - iar greet - ing, Call - ing us to pray'r.
Song of whip-poor - will and thros - tle From the wood-land near.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.

Prettye Bessie

From Percy's Reliques

Moderato ♩ = 92

Old English Folk Tune
Arr. by George Y. Hume

1. A poor beg-gar's daugh - ter dwelt on a green, Who
2. Her fa - ther he had . . noe goods nor noe land, But

Who
But

for . . her . fair - nesse might well be a queen; A
begged . for a pen - ny all daye with his hand; And

for her grace might well be a queen;
asked for pence all daye with his hand;

blithe bon - ny lasse, and a dain - ty was shee, And
yett to her mar - riage he gave thou-sands three, And

Bon - ny lasse, bon - ny lasse, dain - ty was shee, And
Yett to her mar - riage he gave thou-sands three, And

man - ya one call - ed her Pret - tye Bes - sie.
still he hath some - what for Pret - tye Bes - sie.

Good Bookkeeping

(Canon)

EDITH BATTELL — CHARLES HARVEY

Allegretto ♩= 138

mp — *mf*

Not what we pay nor what we earn In large or small a - mounts, . But

pp

Not what we pay nor what we earn In large or small a -

cresc.

what we give, without re-turn, Is what most surely credits our ac - counts. . . .

mp

mounts, But what we give, without re-turn, Is what most surely credits our accounts.

The Hall of Song

JOHN CUTLER ALVORD — JEAN PHILIPPE RAMEAU

Allegretto ♩= 76

in *The Temple of Glory* *

1. Come with a vi - ol, come with a flute, Has-ten to the tem - ple
   Come with a po - em, come with a lute, (*Omit* . . . . . .
2. Here are the tro - phies won by the great, Sou - ve - nirs of glo - ry
   Here are the lau - rels, crowns that a - wait, (*Omit* . . . . . .

rall.

in a fes - tal throng.

. . . . . .) Wake a cho - ral ech - o thro' the Hall of Song.
that can ne'er de - part.

. . . . . .) Guer-dons for the vic - tors in a realm of art.

* *Melody used in "A Rococo Romance" by A. Walter Kramer. C. C. Birchard & Co., Publishers.*

The Last Mile

STEPHEN FAY

Danish Folk Tune
Arr. by ASA T. HUNT

Allegro ♩ = 120

1. Up - on the mead- ow stile, sing - ing heigh, sing ho! There sat a lad . one day; . A - long the mead - ow path, sing - ing heigh, sing ho! There came a maid so . gay. . . "Your hand, kind sir, a - cross the mead - ow stile, I am wea - ry . now, and have yet an - oth - er mile, Sing heigh, sing ho, . sing hay!" .

2. "Right glad - ly will I help, sing - ing heigh, sing ho! To cross the mead - ow stile, . If you will let me come, sing - ing heigh, sing ho! A - long that wea - ry . mile." . "I'll prom - ise naught," the mer - ry maid re - plied, "Till I find my - self safe - ly on the oth - er side, Sing heigh, sing ho, . sing hay!" .

3. So when he gave his hand, sing - ing heigh, sing ho! The maid sprang light - ly down, . And went up - on her way, sing - ing heigh, sing ho! One mile to mar - ket - town, . But not a - lone, as prob - a - bly you've guessed; And the last long mile, it was short - er than the rest, Sing heigh, sing ho, . sing hay! . .

(ALTO) *Sing heigh, . . . sing ho! . . . . . Sing heigh, . . sing ho! . . . . . .*

The Sacred Mountain

Japanese Koto* Tune
Arr. by Asa T. Hunt

Marian Grey

♩= 66

1. The cher - ry - buds of fair Ja - pan, 'mid val - leys new - ly
2. The sa - cred peak of Fu - ji - ya - ma† points to Life E -

(*Altos 2nd stanza only.*)

The Sa cred Moun - tain points . to

ver - nal, In ros - y clouds will bloom a - while and die. . .
ter - nal, A snow - y lil - y bloom - ing in the sky. . .

heav'n, A flow'r . . . . . in the sky. . .

* *A Japanese musical instrument.*
† *The chief mountain in Japan.*

The Steeplejack

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegro ♩= 80

H. W. L.

1. So high in air he seems a toy the breeze might toss; His
2. He scales a tow'r more steep and sheer than moun - tain crag; Un -

foot up - on a slant - ing edge That marks the stee-ple's top - most ledge,
daz-zled by the sun's fierce light, Un - daunt - ed by the frown - ing height,

He toils un - til there gleams a - bove the town a gold - en cross.
He plants a pole from which shall proud-ly wave his coun - try's flag.

Spring Victorious

HENDRYK SCHUYLER — Dalmatian Folk Tune

Allegretto ♩ = 132

1. Out of the dawn a blue-bird sang, Spring-time tri-um-phant
   O-ver the hill soft ech-o rang, (*Omit* . . . . . .
2. Out of each heart a song leaps forth, Gloom hies with win-ter,
   Zeph-yrs from South-land warm the North, (*Omit* . . . . . .

(*Each time*) Mes-sage of joy: . . . . Win-ter has comes with laugh-ter;
. . . . . .) Win-ter has gone, A-pril is here!
joy comes aft-er;
. . . . . .) Brooklets flow on, Flow-ers ap-pear.
gone, ... A-pril is here! . . . .

rall.

The Year's at the Spring

ROBERT BROWNING, in "*Pippa Passes*" — WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Andante ♩ = 138

The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morning's at sev-en;
The hill-side's dew-pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heav'n, God's in his heav'n, All's right, all's right with the world!

The Host and His Guests

Traditional

Old English Carol

Moderato ♩= 168

mf

(*Host*) 1. God bless you all, Both great and small, A wel - come par -
(*Guests*) *God bless the mas - ter of . this house, The mis - tress al -*
(*Host*) 2. Our neigh-bors kind We're glad to find Here con - gre - gat -
(*Guests*) *God bless the mas - ter of . this house, The mis - tress al -*

ty! . Since Christmas comes but once a year, Oh, make it heart - y! . .
so, . And all the lit - tle chil - dren Who round the ta - ble go; . .
ing! . Since Christmas comes but once a year, Don't keep it wait - ing. . .
so, . And all the lit - tle chil - dren Who round the ta - ble go; . .

(*All*) To ev - 'ry man and maid - en Who trav - els far . and . near, .
(*All*) To all who love their fel - lows And hold good friend - ship dear, .

We wish you a mer - ry Christ - mas . And a hap - py New Year! .

The Eglantine

Adapted from the Finnish

Finnish Folk Tune

Moderato ♩= 96

1. A - lone in the grove bloom'd an eg-lan-tine,* *O fair are the flow'rs of June!*
A dew-drop had found in its heart a shrine, *O fair are the flow'rs of June!*
2. "Yet no," spoke the lad, as he stay'd his hand, *O fair are the flow'rs of June!*
"I'll leave you to smile where the alders stand," *O fair are the flow'rs of June!*

A shepherd was pass-ing a - long the way, *Ah, youth sings a gold - en tune!*
Said he, "I would fain wear a flow'r to - day," *Ah, youth sings a gold - en tune!*
But soon came a zeph-yr a - stray - ing there, *Ah, youth sings a gold - en tune!*
And strewed on the earth all the pet - als fair. *Ah, youth sings a gold - en tune!*

* *The wild rose.*

The Angels and the Shepherds*

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — Bohemian Carol

Allegretto ♩ = 104

(*Angels*) 1. Hark, all . . ye . . shep - herds, great news do . . we . bring!
(*Shepherds*) 2. An - gels bright shin - ing great tid - ings you bring;
(*All*) 3. There, all in beau - ty, sweet Moth - er and Child;

Ding, dong, Yule - tide bell,

Might - y . . the Mon - arch whose birth an - gels sing!
Now all . re - joice in the birth of the King!
God's ten - der light o'er all, glow - ing yet mild.

Ding, dong, Yule - tide bell.

(*2nd Sop. sing from Alto staff*)
Lo! now be - hold the Star bright - ly beam - ing, O'er all the earth its
Straight will we jour - ney, Glad prais - es sing - ing, All our de - vo - tion
Shine, gra-cious Star of love, Star of glo - ry! Sing, men and an - gels,

Ring, . . oh, ring, . . O gold - - en

glo - ry is stream-ing: Shep - herds re - joice!
fer - vent - ly bring - ing, An - gels re - joice!
sing, sing the sto - ry, All men re - joice!

bell, . . ring on, . . . ring on!

* *This may be sung effectively as follows: let the girls sing the first verse, using the upper staff only. The boys sing verse 2 (upper staff) and all unite in the third verse.*

Time of Youth

M. Teresa Armitage — Croatian Folk Tune
Allegretto ♩ = 120 — Arr. by George Y. Hume

1. Youthful days are those most dear, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
2. Aft - er work is time for play, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la,

Then the world is full of cheer, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la! . .
Dance and song make glad the day, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la! . .

Tra, la, la, la, la, la! . .

Billy and Me

James Hogg — James V. Naughton
Allegretto ♩ = 76

1. Where the black - bird sings the lat - est, Where the
2. Where the ha - zel bank is steep - est, Where the
3. Where the mow - ers mow the clean - est, Where the

haw - thorn blooms the sweet - est, Where the nest - lings chirp and
shad - ow falls the deep - est, Where the clus - t'ring nuts fall
hay lies thick and green - est, There to track the home - ward

flee, That's the way for Bil - ly and me.
free, That's the way for Bil - ly and me.
bee, That's the way for Bil - ly and me.

The Lost Song

THORNTON STANLEY

Greek Popular Tune

Moderato ♩ = 116

1. Far a-cross the hill and hol - low Faint - ly sounds the
2. Come, O Shep - herd, be thou near - er, Let me fol - low
3. Night has come, the stars, ap - pear - ing, Dance a - round the

shep - herd's lay; Oh! my heart is fain to fol - low
in . thy train; Sound thy ca - dence clear and clear - er,
cres - cent moon; Fades the song be - yond my hear - ing,

Where he wan - ders all the day. O'er the flow'r - y
I would learn thy sil - ver strain. O'er the flow'r - y
I have lost my shep - herd's tune. Vain to bid thee

mead Comes the song I would were mine; Pan,* up - on his
mead Comes the song I would were mine; Pan, up - on his
stay, Thou hast left thy leaf - y glen; Yet, when dawns the

reed Played no sweet - er tune than thine.
reed Played no sweet - er tune than thine.
day, I shall hear thy song a - gain.

* *Pan: in Greek mythology the patron of shepherds, hunters, etc.*

Shadow Dance

GIACOMO MEYERBEER
Excerpt from *Dinorah*

Grazioso ♩ = 144

Invitation

PAUL HASTINGS — Spanish Folk Tune

Tempo giusto ♩ = 144

1. At the top of the sky Shines a big gold - en eye, Look - ing down on the danc - ers be - low; .
2. There's a light - heart - ed throng, Bright with laugh - ter and song, Will you go, pret - ty (*Omit.* . . . . . .) maid, will you
2. Will you join them to - night? Moon and stars all in - vite, Fra - grant winds from the or - ange - trees blow; .
2. To the gay tam - bour - ine We will dance on the green, Will you go, pret - ty (*Omit.* . . . . . .) maid, will you

rit.

go? O love - ly night! O rare de - light! . There is joy in the air, An - da - lu - sia is fair, Will you go, pret - ty maid, Will you go? . . There is go?! .

Move Eastward, Happy Earth

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON — SEUMAS O'FARRELL

Allegro ♩ = 116

Move east - ward, happy earth, and leave Yon or - ange sun - set wan - ing slow;
From fring - es of the fad - ed eve, O, hap - py plan - et, east - ward go!

It Couldn't be Done

EDGAR A. GUEST *

FOSTER B. MERRIAM

Allegretto ♩. = 80

Some-bod-y said that it could-n't be done, But he, with a chuck-le re-plied, . . . That "may-be it could-n't," but he would be one Who would-n't say so till he'd tried. . . So he buck-led right in with the trace of a grin On his face. If he wor-ried he hid it. He start-ed to sing, as he tack-led the thing That could-n't be done,—and he did it!

** From "The Path to Home" by Edgar A. Guest. Copyright, 1919. Used by courtesy of the publishers, Reilly Lee & Co.*

There's Ever a Song

GEO. W. PENNINGTON

SERGIUS RACHMANINOFF (adapted)

Allegretto ♩. = 48 *mp*

1. There's a song . in the glen . Ech-oes o-ver and o-ver a-gain; 'Tis the hon-ey-sweet note of the wren.
2. There's a song . in my heart, . 'Tis as sim-ple as for-est-birds' art, . But its mag-ic will nev-er de-part.

rall.

Billy Boy

Traditional

Tennessee Mountains Folk Song

Allegro moderato ♩ = 120

1. Tell me now, where have you been, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Tell me now, where have you been, charm - ing Bil - ly? I have been to seek a wife For the part - ner of my life, She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
2. Did she ask you to come in, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Did she ask you to come in, charm - ing Bil - ly? Yes, she asked me to come in, She's a dim - ple in her chin, She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
3. Can she make a cher - ry - pie, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Can she make a cher - ry pie, charm - ing Bil - ly? She can make a cher - ry - pie Quick's a cat can wink his eye, She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
4. Tell me now, what is her age, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Tell me now, what is her age, charm - ing Bil - ly? She is twen - ty and e - lev'n, Two times six and two times sev'n, She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.

The Cascade

CHARLES HARVEY

RICHARD WAGNER in *The Rhinegold*

Allegro ♩. = 80

mp

pp

1. Spark - ling, sil - ver, glit - ter - ing foun - tain, Flash - ing cas - cade that leaps to the glade, With show - ers of pearls from the moun - tain.
2. Laugh - ing, sing - ing, out from the high - land, Won - der - ful stream that wakes from a dream, All sweet with the beau - ty of sky - land.

* *To be hummed, or sung with the word "Flow," in each measure throughout the song*

Stars of the Summer Night

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
In *The Spanish Student*

I. B. WOODBURY
ARR. WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Moderato ♩ = 96

mp

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps,
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps

Hide, hide your gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
Sink, sink in sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

p

She . . . . sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

Winter Cheer

GEO. W. PENNINGTON

J. W. ELLIOTT

Moderato ♩ = 66

1. When the snow is on the ground Scar - let ber - ries still are found;
2. When the lake with ice is locked, When with drifts the path is blocked,

rall.

Hap - py win - ter - birds are seen A - mong the boughs of ev - er - green.
Still the earth is glad, we know, For brooks are sing - ing 'neath the snow.

Allah*

English by Marian Grey

Egyptian Dervish Song
Arr. Charles Ellerton

Lento ♩ = 76

1. There is none but Al - lah reigns! There is
2. There is none but Al - lah reigns! There is
3. There is none but Al - lah reigns! There is

A - lah reigns! Al - lah reigns! Al - lah reigns, Al - lah

none but Al - lah reigns! In the field and in . the .
none but Al - lah reigns! In the tent and in . the .
none but Al - lah reigns! Lift your hearts and bring him .

reigns! Al - lah reigns, Al - lah reigns!

des - ert, There is none but Al - lah reigns!
tem - ple, There is none but Al - lah reigns!
hom - age, There is none but Al - lah reigns!

Al - lah reigns, Al - lah reigns!

* *The Mohammedan name for the Supreme Being.*

Gnomes' Dance

Alla marcia ♩ = 116

Edvard Grieg
in *Peer Gynt*

1 2

Johnny Appleseed

Libretto by
DAVID STEVENS

An Operetta in One Act

Music by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

(The libretto and complete piano-vocal score of this operetta, containing stage and other directions for performance, may be obtained from the publishers.)

No. 1. Outlaws' Song

Con spirito ♩= 100 *mf*

1. Let all who love the rov - er's life, O
2. The winds that blow are not . more free, O

ho! With wealth and ease at his . com-mand, O ho! With
ho! We roam at will thro' - out . the land, O ho! Let

days of pleas - ure and days of strife, Come, join . our band!
all who wear - y of laws de - cree, Come, join . our band!

1ST SECTION 2ND

No law can fol - low where we go, We pay no tax to friend or foe,
We're feared by all, both red and white, When we ap-pear, they take to flight,

O ho! . . .

1ST *cresc.*

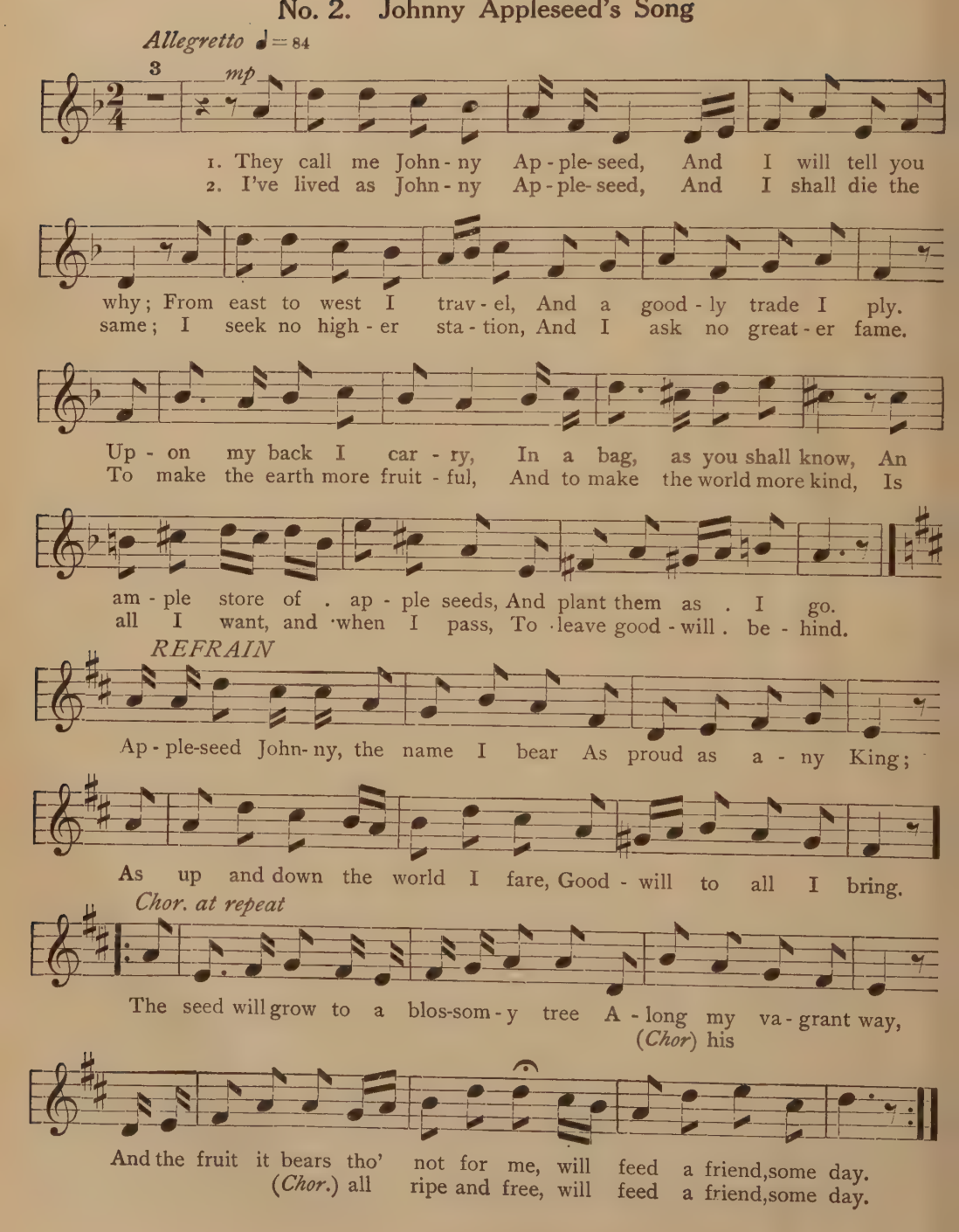
We on - ly reap where oth - ers sow, Sing ho! Come,
For might is ours, and might is right, Sing ho!

. . . . . Come, join our mer - ry band!

2

join our mer - ry band! Come, join our band!

No. 2. Johnny Appleseed's Song



No. 3. The Fairies' Song

Allegretto ♩. = 58

p MAB

1. Come, sprite and elf and gnome, draw near, Our com - rade now is
2. When morn - ing comes the birds of air Re - joice when they have
3. He sows the land with rip - ened seed To spring and grow for

GLEAM

dream - ing; . We'll whis - per words of love and cheer And
found him, . And lit - tle crea - tures gath - er there, In
oth - ers; . To be of use, his sim - ple creed, All

SILVER (*Chor. at repeat.*)

thoughts of gen - tle seem - ing. . . { Go tell the hawk and / Go tell the wolf to
per - fect trust a - round him. . { He speaks a tongue all / To all that lives, to
men . to him are broth - ers. . . { Go tell the hawk and / Go tell the wolf to

1 2

loon and owl Their night - watch to be keep - ing; .
cease his howl, The friend of all is (*Omit* . .) sleep - ing. .
na - ture knows, In field and wood - land bow - er, .
all that grows, To beast and bird and (*Omit* . .) flow - er. . .
loon and owl Their night - watch to be keep - ing; .
cease his howl, The friend of all is (*Omit* . .) sleep - ing. .

No. 4. Big Mountain's Song

Vigoroso ♩ = 100

2 *f*

Big Moun-tain I, man of flint, Lo! man of flint am I!

Chor. B. M.

Lo, the flint - man! { Moc - ca - sins of flint have I, / Tom - a - hawk of flint have I,

Chor. B. M.

Lo! the flint-man! Lo! the flint-man! Tu-nic of flint have I, Leg-gings of

Chor. B. M.

flint have I, Lo! the flint-man! Lo, the flint-man! Sharp flint shall White flint the

speed my ar-rows, I wear not the wam-pum belt, For
heart with-in me, Light-nings flash from out my eyes, And

Chor.

naught but flint shall gir-dle me, Big Moun-tain he, man of flint!
where they strike there falls a foe, Big Moun-tain he, man of flint!

Chor.

Ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi!

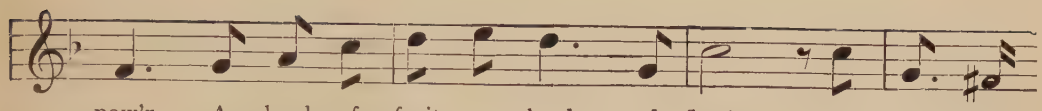
Lo the tom-a-hawk! Man of flint am I!
Chief of O-ma-has, Man of flint am I!

No. 5. Fawn Awake's Song

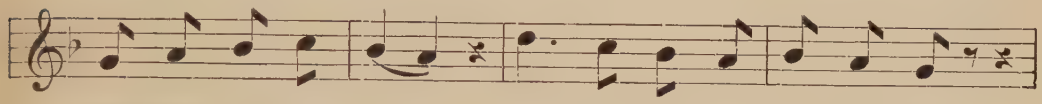
Andante ♩=84 *p*

1. I look be-yond our pass-ing days, And see in
2. The friend of man both white and red, He went his

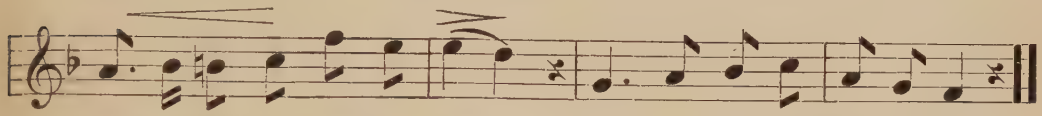
my pro-phet-ic gaze A land of plen-ty and of
way, by fair-ies led, Who spoke to him, as red men



pow'r, A land of fruit, a land of flow'r; Up - on the
know, The words of our great Ma - ni - do.* My vi - sion



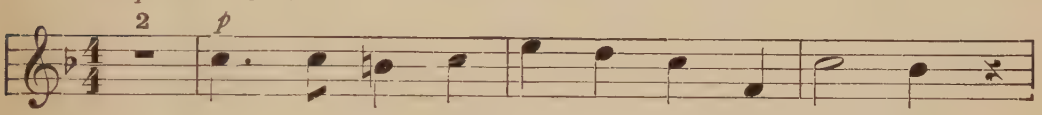
place where now we stand,— Trees in bud on ev - 'ry hand,
sees a sim - ple name— High in Na - ture's Hall of Fame,



Clear of bram - ble, clean of weed, Path of John - ny Ap - ple - seed.
There, in-scribed no word or deed, Naught but "John - ny Ap - ple - seed."

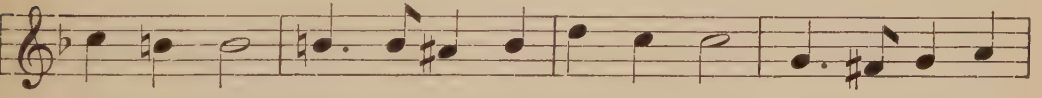
No. 6. Unseen Chorus of Fairies

Espressivo ♩= 96

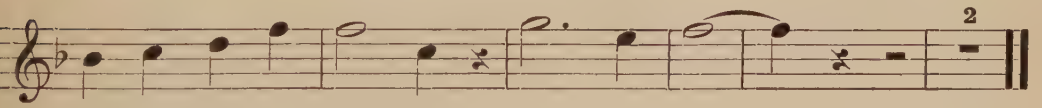


Peace and love at - tend you, Gen - tle com - rade;

God a - bove de - fend you, Gen - tle com - rade; All a - long your



kind - ly way We shall guide you day by day, Dreams of beau - ty



send you, Gen - tle com - rade, So fare - well! . .

* *Pronounce Mah-nee-do, an Indian name for the Deity.*

End of Operetta.

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GLOSSARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

Accelerando (*accel.*) — gradually increase the time.
Ad libitum (*ad lib.*) — according to fancy.
Allegrante — joyous; mirthful.
Allegretto — not as fast as *allegro*.
Allegro — fast; lively.
Amabile — gentle; graceful.
Andante — in moderate time.
Andantino — slightly faster than *andante*.
Animato — animated.
Arietta — a short air or melody.
A tempo — resume the original beat. Used after *rit. rall. accel.*
Barcarole — a song of the Venetian gondoliers; a boat song.
Ben marcato — well marked.
Bourreé — an old French dance.
Bravura — spirit.
Canon — a melody begun by one voice and precisely imitated throughout by one or more voices beginning later at stated intervals. The imitating voice or voices may be in unison with the first voice or on any degree of the scale.
Cantabile — in graceful, singing manner.
Con — with.
Con anima — with animation and boldness.
Con brio — with life.
Con fuoco — with fiery energy.
Con moto — with motion; not dragging.
Con spirito — with spirit and energy.
Counterpoint — the art of adding to a given melody one or more melodies to be performed simultaneously with the first one, voices moving against each other, but which may be an independent tune. The term is often applied to the added melody itself.
Crescendo (*cres.*) — increase in tune.
Da Capo (*D.C.*) — from the beginning.
Dal Segno (*D.S.*) — from the sign :S:.
Declamando — in a declamatory manner.
Diminuendo (*dim.*) — diminish in tone.
E; Ed. — and.
Espressivo — expressive.
Fine — end.
Forte (*f*) — loud.
Fortissimo (*ff*) — very loud.
Gavotte — a dance of French origin.
Giocoso — humorously; sportively.
Gioia — joy; gladness.
Gioviale — jovial.
Giusto — in equal, steady, exact time.
Grazia — grace; elegance.
Grazioso — gracefully.
Habañera — a Spanish dance in 2–4 time.
Ländler — a rustic air characteristic of the Alpine region.
Largo — slow; solemn.
Larghetto — not as slow as *largo*.
Leggiero — light; delicate.
Lento — slow.
Ma — but.
Maestoso — majestic; dignified.
Marcato — accented.
Marcia — a march.
Marziale — martial; in the style of a march.
Mazurka — a lively dance of Polish origin. 3–4.
Menuetto — a minuet; a slow dance in 3–4 time.
Meno — less.
Misterioso — in mysterious manner.
Moderato — in moderate time.
Molto — much; extremely.
Mosso — rapid.
Pastorale — pastoral; rural.
Piu — more.
Piano (*p*) — soft.
Pianissimo (*pp*) — very soft.
Poco — a little; slightly.
Pomposo — pompous; stately.
Presto — very rapid.
Rallentando (*rall.*) — retard gradually.
Ritardando (*rit.*) — delay the time gradually; retard.
Rubato — diminishing the time value of notes in one place and increasing it in another. Literally "robbed" or "stolen."
Solenne — solemn.
Spiritoso — lively; animated; with spirit.
Tranquillo — expressing tranquility; calmly.
Valse — waltz.
Vivace — quick; brisk; vivacious.
Vigoroso — vigorous.
Yodel — the peculiar high falsetto warbling of Swiss and Tyrolean mountaineers.

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